VOL. CCXI, No. 2757

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THE SPHERE, DECEMBER 13, 1952
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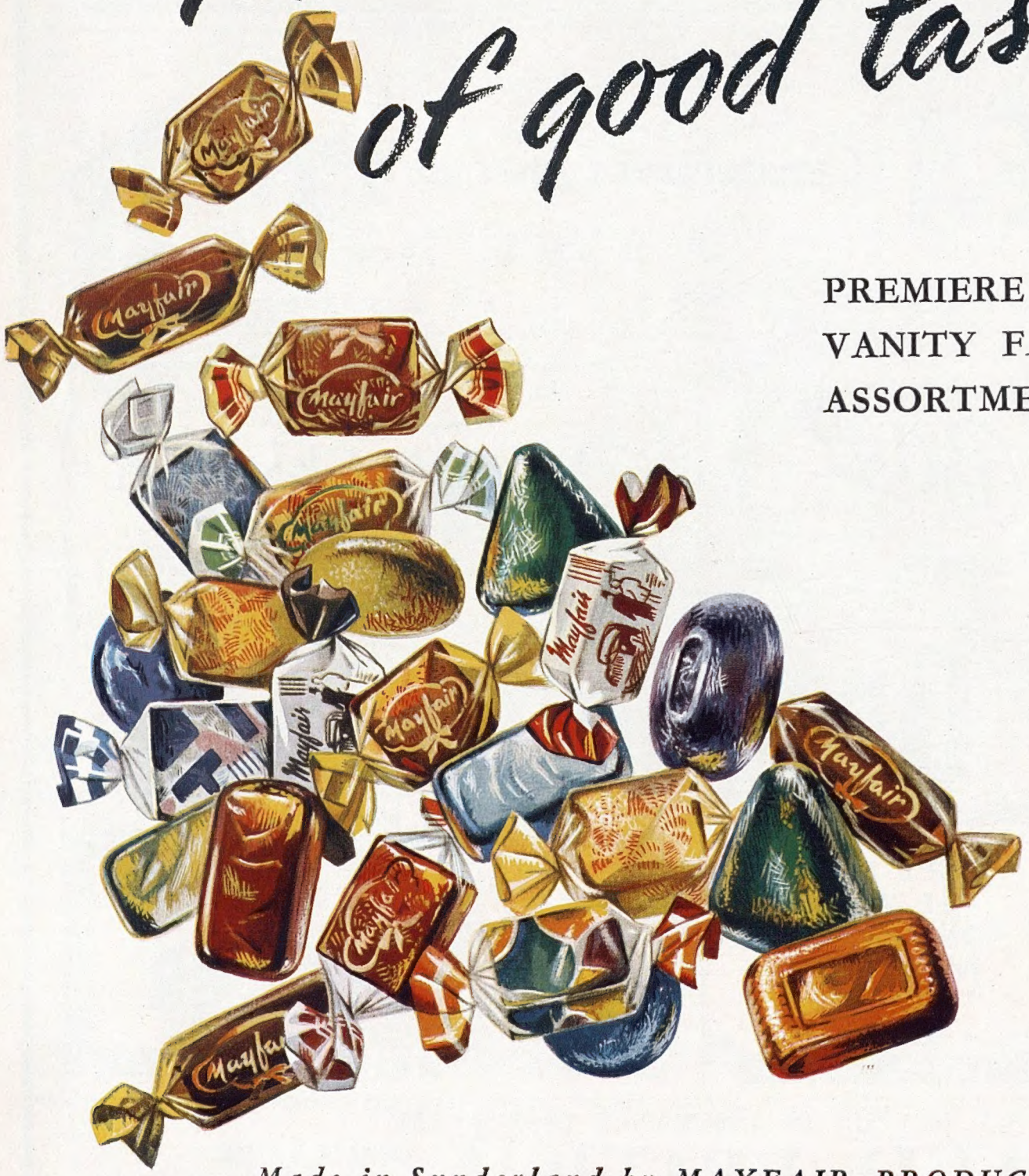

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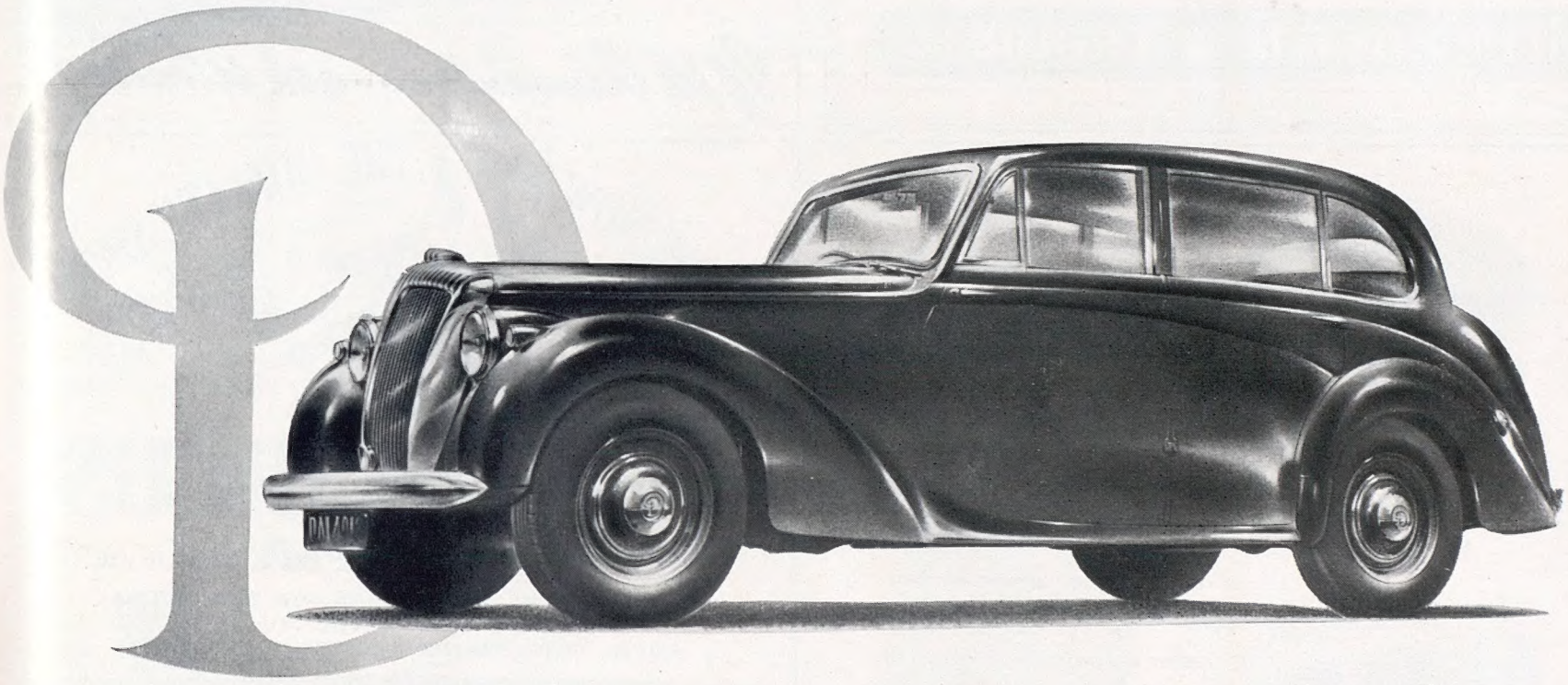

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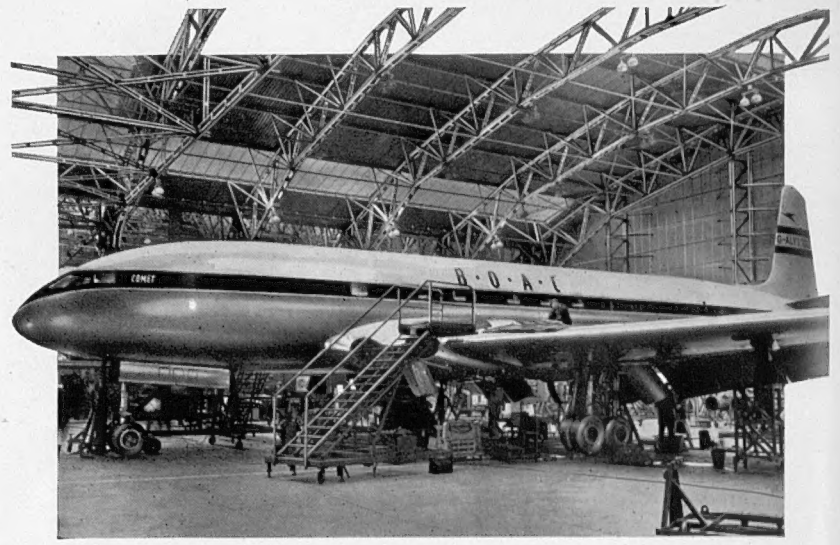

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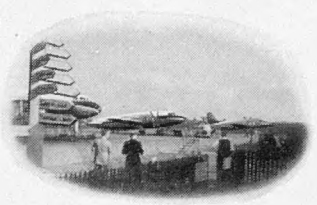

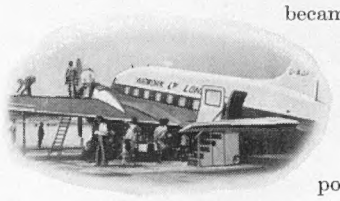

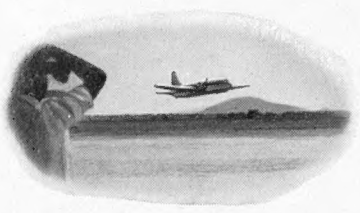

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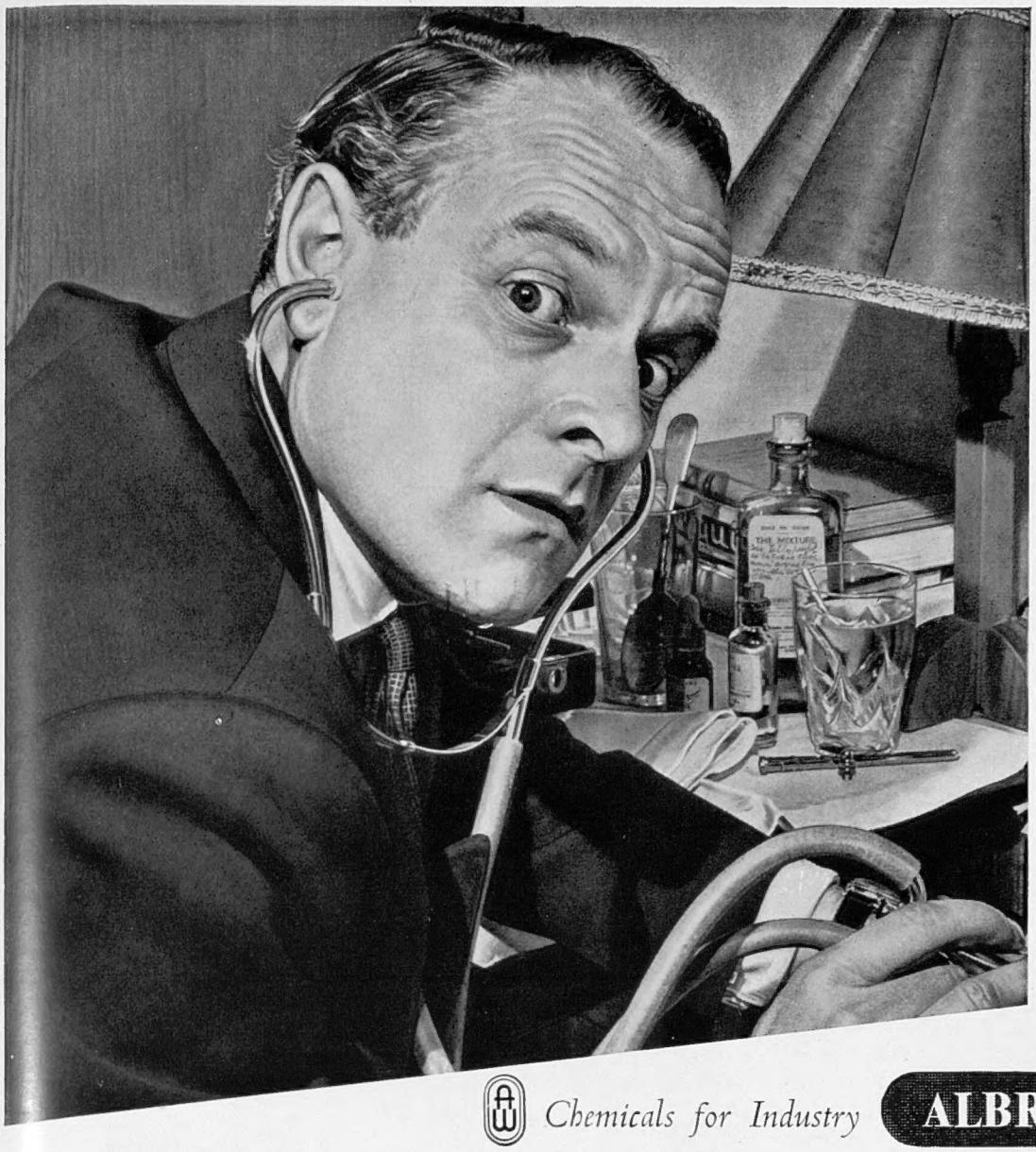

Surely, it was later than that, Doctor?

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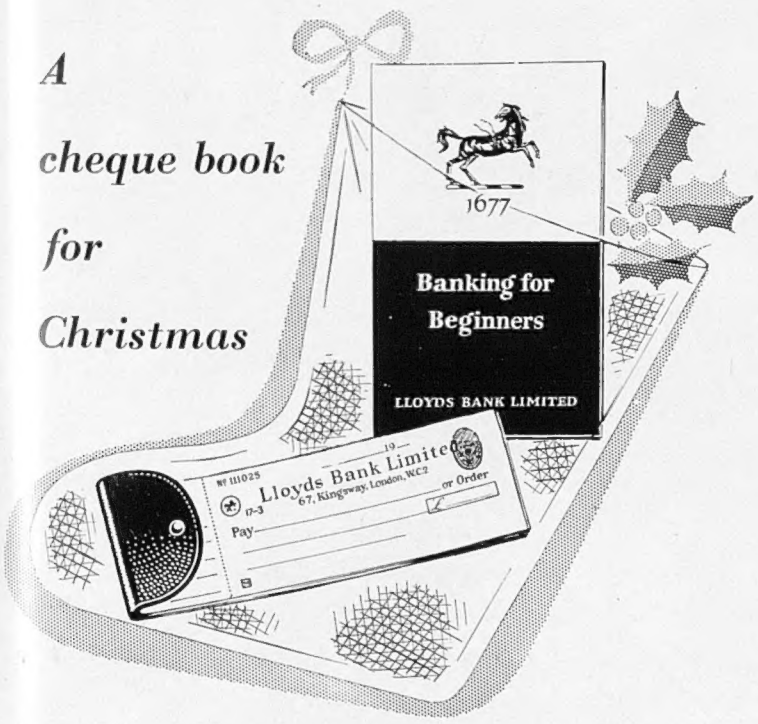

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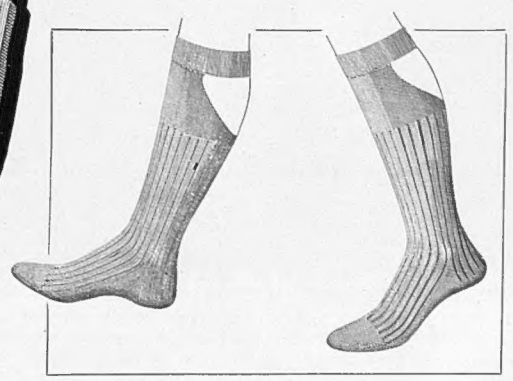

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Volume CCXI No. 2757 The SPHERE, London, December 13, 1952

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT IN SEOUL—GENERAL EISENHOWER WITH GENERAL O. P. WEYLAND, COMMANDER FAR EAST AIR FORCE, AND GENERAL MARK CLARK, SUPREME COMMANDER IN THE FAR EAST: The President-elect, keeping his promise to the American electorate, visited Korea for three days last week, conferring with the High Command, touring the battle front and meeting members of the South Korean Government. Shortly before General Eisenhower left Seoul Chinese aircraft attacked the city in force, but the night-fighter screen was not penetrated. A part of the President-elect's return journey was made in the cruiser *Helena*.

After his on-the-spot inquiry in Korea, General Eisenhower made a frank admission that he had found no miraculous prescription for a quick ending of the Korean War—a statement that was received with relief in official Washington and showed at least the President-elect's courage in facing matters squarely. General Eisenhower's departure for Korea was shrouded in complete mystery, for the outside world was led to understand that he was still interviewing Cabinet colleagues and preparing his programme. In actuality, the General's callers were putting up a neat façade in the interests of security, and while Mr. Dulles and Mr. Cabot Lodge were supposedly closeted with General Eisenhower, he was in truth winging his way across the Pacific. On pages 420 and 421 of this issue further pictures are reproduced showing General Eisenhower at Iwo Jima and during his Korean tour, in which he packed as much activity as possible into the space of three days. General Eisenhower also conferred with President Rhee of South Korea.

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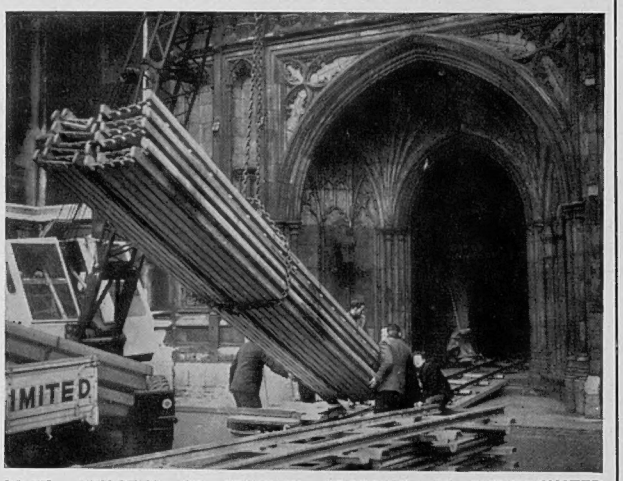
PREPARING FOR THE CORONATION

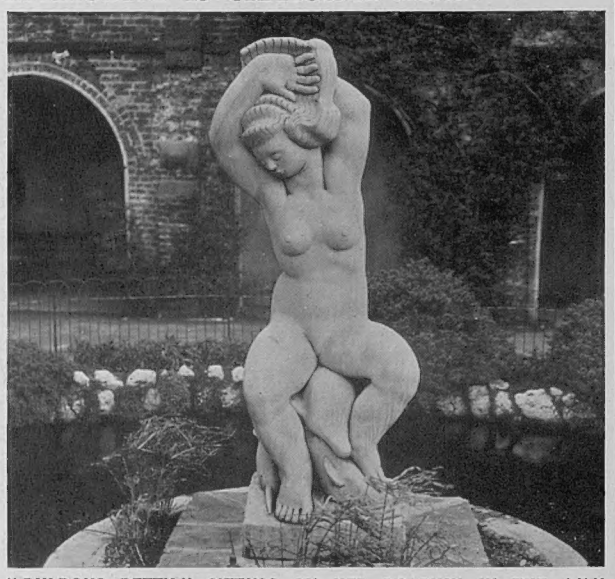


20-FT. LENGTHS OF STAGING ARRIVING AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY FOR USE DURING THE CORONATION: These specially designed stagings require support only at the ends, thus reducing the scaffolding required and greatly minimising the risk of damaging the Abbey floors. They will be used for the tiers of seats which will raise the seating accommodation of the Abbey to around 7,000.

HIGH TIDE ON THE LONDON RIVER

A POLICE LAUNCH INSPECTING THE EMBANKMENT WALL OPPOSITE THE TATE GALLERY WHEN CRACKS APPEARED DURING AN EXCEPTIONALLY HIGH TIDE LAST WEEK: The level of the river was well above the roadway and water seeped through a number of cracks. Police cars and boats were sent to the spot and were joined by representatives of the Westminster City Council, who pronounced that there was no danger. The incident recalled the disastrous flood which occurred when the Thames broke its banks on the night of January 6, 1928. THE SPHERE recorded that "14 lives were lost in Westminster, Putney and Hammersmith and practically every riverside area was flooded."

APHRODITE IS CRITICISED AGAIN



"BULBOUS BETTY" SITTING ON HER DOLPHIN IN THE LILY POND IN TERRACE GARDENS, RICHMOND: This 7-ft. statue of Aphrodite, the Goddess of Love, was presented to Richmond by the sculptor, Allen Howes. Since she first made her appearance, "Bulbous Betty," as she is known locally, has attracted much criticism. The latest to join the ranks of the critics is Sir Alfred Munnings, who has written: "God help the people of Richmond if they can pass by the monster without bursting into rage."

"WITH BEST WISHES"

IT is not too late to think of Christmas presents—even for friends overseas. Those in search of a present likely to be appreciated will find that a year's subscription to THE SPHERE provides an ideal gift.

Each week as the new copy arrives, the recipient will be reminded afresh of the kind thought and good wishes of his or her friend at home in Britain. Orders for subscriptions for THE SPHERE to be sent overseas can be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall, or sent direct to The Subscription Department, THE SPHERE, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent, and the price of the subscription. Canada, £5 14s. Elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (to include the Christmas Number).

In 1953—Coronation Year—all postal subscribers will receive the two Coronation Double Numbers at no extra cost.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Civil Defence.—The Advisory Committee on recruitment for Civil Defence has issued its first report. On the same day the Foreign Office released details of the significant increase of armed forces in Eastern Germany. Soon after, four Cabinet Ministers took up the theme of Civil Defence as a matter of urgency. The Committee is worried, of course, over recruitment. It remains dangerously and obstinately short of its target, or 50 per cent. of its target. It charges the apathy up to lack of propaganda and of official encouragement, and it calls for a honey-tongued and enthusiastic Chief of Civil Defence, who will rouse the nation to a comprehension of the urgency and of the responsibility and pride of Civil Defence—the fourth arm of the Service. I wonder. If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though a Templer rise to inspire them. We are no strangers to apathy in self-defence. When we are caught unprepared by our enemies, we fight back at fearful and extravagant cost, and when we have saved ourselves by the skin of our teeth, we blame the Prime Minister of the vital period of inactivity. But what could a Baldwin do? What have in the past few years an Attlee or a Churchill done to persuade us to treat Civil Defence as an urgent and proud duty? Nothing at all. We are blown on, hot and cold. The danger of war is one day urgent, one day receding. The atomic and hydrogen bombs explode and we are told that they will each devastate a group of counties, rendering human movement impossible. Next day a still, small voice assures us that they can be countered in our village, and that, anyway, "old-fashioned" bombs will still need countering. When the public is apathetic, from war weariness or laziness or meanness, a super-Premier or a super-Controller will not move it to defend itself. It is first and last up to ourselves; and history tells us that nothing on earth but instant terror of extinction will ever move to action the bulk of our population. There are always 250,000 stalwarts who will "join up" as directed. But what are these among so many?

Shadow Cabinet and Shadows Before.—Mr. Bevan came in as twelfth man for the Shadow Cabinet. So it would have been if there had been no resort to Mr. Attlee's second ballot device. Of the chosen twelve, Mr. Bevan was easily last, and it looks as if he came in not from supporters of his own personality, but from a belief in some quarters that he would be less troublesome inside than outside, safer as an assistant keeper of the preserves than as a free-ranging poacher. Perhaps he will not altogether forgo the more romantic calling. Meanwhile, he joins the leaders of the Shadow Cabinet in censuring the Government for its incompetence. The Shadow Cabinet, then, is made up and Mr. Greenwood and Mr. Stokes have been dropped from it. Certainly, this "Cabinet" has not been rendered more shadowy by the results of the by-elections at Small Heath and Farnworth. If majorities fell, percentages did not. On the whole, the Socialists made a little progress. The Socialists are perhaps encouraged to pursue their present vigorous tactics. Bitterness and bad manners are on the increase in the House, stormy scenes are common, and late sittings invariably encourage ill-temper. Perhaps Mr. Crookshank is not by nature conciliatory. He had, however, a difficult job in trying to pour oil on waters so troubled as Iron and Steel, before the Government secured an adequate majority on Second Reading. It was, indeed, more than adequate, and for the Socialists cancelled out any satisfaction over the by-election results. On the whole, there is not much evidence in the country (certainly not in the House) that the life of the present Parliament has yet suffered any truncation. A dozen more by-elections advantageous to Labour would be required to ring its death-knell.

Two Little Bills.—Lord Simon's little Bill to enable the Sovereign to create each year up to ten Life Peers had not been advertised, and came as a surprise and proved to be introduced under the wrong procedure. It has little chance to become an Act this session or next. But it is surely on the right lines, the lines which in course of time might go far to remove the present anomalies and reform the Upper House by peaceful evolution. It was the Wensleydale peerage decision which long, long ago defined the Sovereign's powers, with life peerage-creation as restricted to Law Lords only as requisite. Lord Simon is right to keep hammering at reform. There are few enough who bother their heads with a constitutionally vital matter. The other little Bill I had in mind is that which sought to set up a Press censorship. That again will, no doubt, wait for the Greek Kalends. Somewhere in Fleet Street journalists are exploring avenues for an all-Press body which will censor all journalism. The avenues are wide and long and full of unturned stones. You got a hint of how it would (or wouldn't) work in a solemn "leader" in *The Times*, which so carefully and tactfully skated round the thin ice. There would be no need of an official or Press censorship organisation if in the past century the rule of Fleet Street had not been cast-iron that "*dog doesn't eat dog.*" When the dirty dogs do dirt, the big, well-trained dogs lie low and say nothing, look the other way, pass by on the other side. If the decent newspaper had found it "cricket" to condemn the worst offences in journalism (which for ever multiply), Fleet Street would still have a sense of trusteeship towards their semi-literate readers, and some sort of a *panache*. To say that the remedy lies with the public is bunk.

"The Seven Wonders."—The retiring Ambassador, Sir O. Franks, listed for the Americans their seven chief wonders in foreign eyes. The 'Frisco Bay bridges, of course. The transcontinental man-made "Chicago River." The Grand Coulee Dam, the masterpiece of water power. The New Jersey Turnpike, representing the automobile's part in American life. The New York skyline, which always get a high vote. The desert city of Los Alamos, which sprang up in a night. And the Pentagon at Washington, "representing modern man's subservience to his desk." Of course, rival claimants for the seven wonders roll have been put forward. I can't pronounce since I have never seen two, at least, of the seeded choices and one or two of the "also ran." But I have "got a little list," a list which would not do for a diplomat to select from; a list of items not built of stone or steel or concrete, but wonderful in the abstract. One or two of my selections are wonders of the world, in my view, by their very negation of greatness in a great nation, by their very negation of the right of the mightiest nation, and the most powerful, in Western civilisation to claim supreme leadership in Western culture. No doubt, a nation composed of so many and varied nationalities, so largely made up of middle European races, American only in name and freedoms, finds it harder than does a homogeneous country to cleanse its Augean stables and establish virtue and restraint in its law and practices, in its culture and way of life. No doubt the constitution of the U.S.A. makes the cleansing still harder. But the wonder remains, and is entitled to a place among the seven. At any rate, it stands among the Seven Deadly Sins.

THICK ICE COVERING A HARBOUR IN SCOTLAND

MRS. D. URQUHART, WHO LIVES ON A HOUSEBOAT IN THE HARBOUR AT PERTH, BREAKING THE 4-IN. ICE THAT COVERED PARTS OF THE HARBOUR LAST WEEK: Already, in November, the winter promised to be one of peculiar severity. In Southern England there was a prolonged unbroken spell of frosty weather and farther north and in Scotland winter sports, including curling, were in full swing. In many parts of the country there was heavy snow, and the prophets, both of the scientific variety and the weather-wise sages of the countryside, foretold from their observations a continuation of sub-zero temperatures. Last week-end London was blanketed in thick fog.

Coronation Dress Headaches.—How wrong I was in thinking that Coronation plans might occupy our attention too long ahead of the event. Seven months is not too long for peers, peeresses and honoured guests to worry out the regulations concerning their costume to their own and the Earl Marshal's satisfaction. For every grade in the peerage the balls must be precisely counted on their coronets, the ermine tails and the strawberry leaves must be as

requisite. For those in the procession, in the very heart of the matter, the rules are strict and adhere to the traditions of the "great days." A moving duchess will occupy 8 ft. of space, a baroness 5 ft. Thus, a duchess will use the space of four Guardsmen and will sadly throw out in her exits and entrances the timing theories hopefully assumed in practices with trained Guardsmen. Peers of inferior orders not in the procession are allowed concessions. They may wear the inside cap of State without the appropriate coronet. False jewellery is taboo. There is still a possibility of a ballot. No peers, unless of the two highest orders (for surely dukes and marquesses are above the risk of bad luck in a ballot), should start to collect their fancy dress until that awful possibility is discounted. It is when the regulations deal with civilians invited to the Abbey, but not to the Holy of Holies, that one fears that the general effect may be a little ragged. We may see rubbing shoulders in a pew a man in a velvet Court suit, another in evening tails with knee-breeches, another in ditto with trousers, another in a chocolate "lounge" suit with spats, perhaps, and medals. I say "chocolate," for chocolate is "dark," and black, being "mourning," is utterly taboo. Seven months of coffee-housing among friends and neighbours will not be too long for reaching a right judgment on this vital matter, but the effect on the day may be remarkable for its "infinite variety." The permutations are astronomical, and the general effect may be as unorthodox and ragged as the hasty expedients following a sudden decision after a wet day in a country house to have a fancy dress dinner. I pity the man who comes in the chocolate lounge suit with or without spats, but I doubt if any (unless Mr. Bevan) will have the moral courage to risk the scorn of the Civil Servant in velvet and plated toothpick sword.

Appeals for Preservation.—All my life I have fought within my means for the preservation of beautiful things and fine traditions. But even to that principle there are reservations and conditions attached. Even in preservation of what is old there must be realism and a little faith in what is new. We do not brand our ancestors as vandals for having pulled down an early Tudor manor to give us an early Georgian gem of to-day. We do not curse as Goths those who gave us Hatfield as it still is, or any other of our still prized architectural glories which grew up on the foundations of earlier buildings of a good type in their day. And so it is that when the appeals crowd in for help to preserve *this* tumbledown old manor or that neglected church, I acquire a little realism in realising the impossibility and the inadvisability of the 100 per cent. museumisation of England. After all, we have to-day a few good architects and very different standards and conditions of life from those of our ancestors. Many a fine church is redundant, and all cannot be retained as monuments. Many an old manor house is picturesque but not essential, and some of them must make way for houses in which the house-hungry can live economically and in moderate comfort. To deny this is to admit that we are dead as a nation, just an island-museum carrying relics of a dead age. So I read the appeals, and while my heart bleeds, my reason exercises itself and my waste-paper basket receives some of them. It is a hard decision often enough. Many an editor or author well knows the heart-breaking duty of rejection and selection. But we are *not* a nation of dead men and dead yesterdays. We must plan for the living and harden our hearts with realism. Anyway, we can't subscribe to every appeal every day.

The Latest Form of Larceny?—Three small boys at a northern high school entered for a poetry competition and sent in poems of astonishingly high merit—for their ages. They earned high commendation . . . until it was discovered that their efforts were not original, but had been pilfered from A. A. Milne and from more obscure sources. Thereupon the headmaster very mildly trounced them. No doubt they had been "clever," but a theft from "*When we were very young*" was "not cricket," and certainly not clever gamesmanship. For all the little gamesmen were quickly bowled out. Three such larcenies in one school look ugly, but it would be wrong to deplore the appearance of a new instance of juvenile delinquency. Such literary thefts are as old as Caxton and much more common among grown-ups. No living author, however famous or obscure, but is every year the victim of thefts of his copyright. All too many professional writers, who should know better, have come totally to disregard the laws of copyright and the decencies of quotation from the writings of others. They quote without consent obtained or acknowledgment given, and often enough the quotation is without "quotes," and appears in print as "all my own unaided work." And whether the prize be a nicely-bound prize-book or a penny-a-line, it is a criminal act done for gain, and the adults deserve the punishment on their behinds which the three young "poets" did not get.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

TWO CHRISTMAS FEATURES

Christmas in Bethlehem and in the Cathedral City of St. Albans

By STEWART PEROWNE and JOHN MAY

THE LORD LYON KING-OF-ARMS AND HIS COURT GATHER IN EDINBURGH

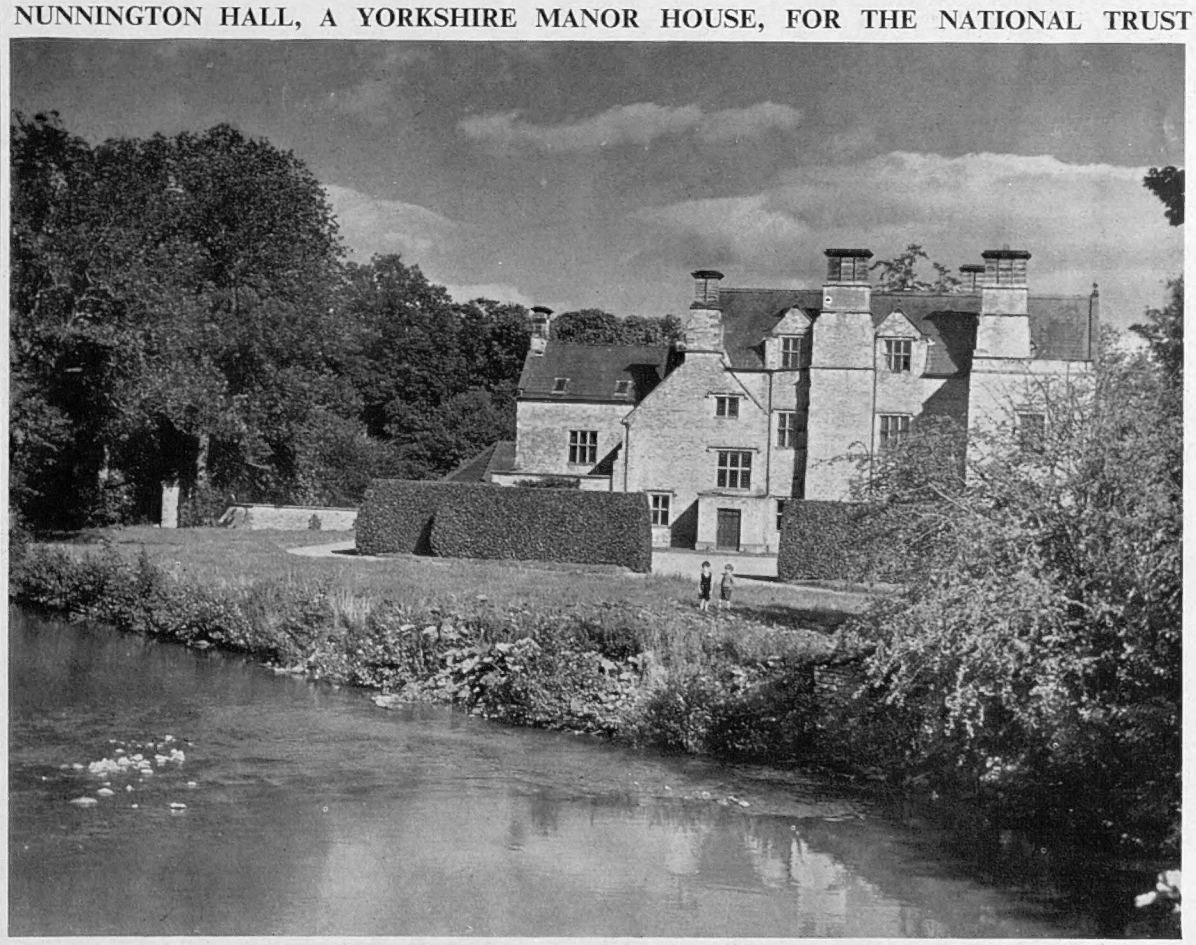
HER MAJESTY'S OFFICERS-OF-ARMS FOR SCOTLAND—A ST. ANDREW'S DAY PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN THE SIGNET LIBRARY, EDINBURGH: Seated (left to right) Albany Herald, Sir Francis J. Grant; The Lord Lyon King-of-Arms, Sir Thomas Innes of Learney, and Marchmont Herald, Lieut.-Colonel John William Balfour Paul of Cakemuir. Standing (left to right) Carrick Pursuivant, James Monteith Grant (the Lyon Macer in background); Dingwall Pursuivant, Major C. I. Fraser of Reelig; Rothesay Herald, Lieut.-Colonel Harold Andrew Lawson; Falkland Pursuivant, Captain Iain Kay Moncreiffe of Easter Moncreiffe, and Unicorn Pursuivant, Lieut.-Colonel Gordon Dalyell of the Binns.

The importance which genealogy, heraldry and the family as a social institution occupy in social history, declares the 1952 edition of *Burke's Landed Gentry*, is illustrated by the fact that the chief heraldic executive in Scotland, the Rt. Hon. the Lord Lyon King-of-Arms, was accorded the rank of a Privy Councillor and officer of State and Minister of the Crown, with a place of honour in the Parliament of Scotland. Unlike the English Kings-of-Arms, the Lord Lyon is not an officer in the department of the Earl Marshal, but is himself a Great Officer who holds his office as an immediate fief of the Crown. He is responsible for the conduct and record of State Royal and Public Ceremonial. In his armorial jurisdiction Lyon stands in place of the Sovereign.

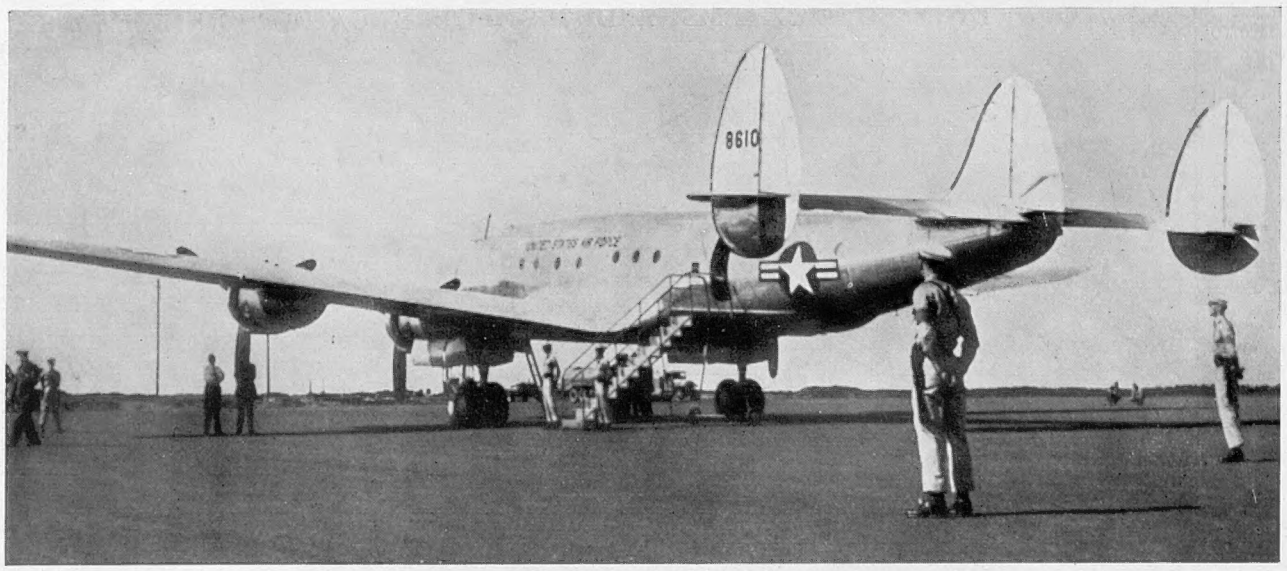
On right—

THE EARL OF ELGIN AND KINCARDINE IN THE ROBES OF THE MOST ANCIENT AND MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE THISTLE: On St. Andrew's Day the knights of the Order walked in procession to St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh.

NUNNINGTON HALL, A YORKSHIRE MANOR HOUSE, FOR THE NATIONAL TRUST



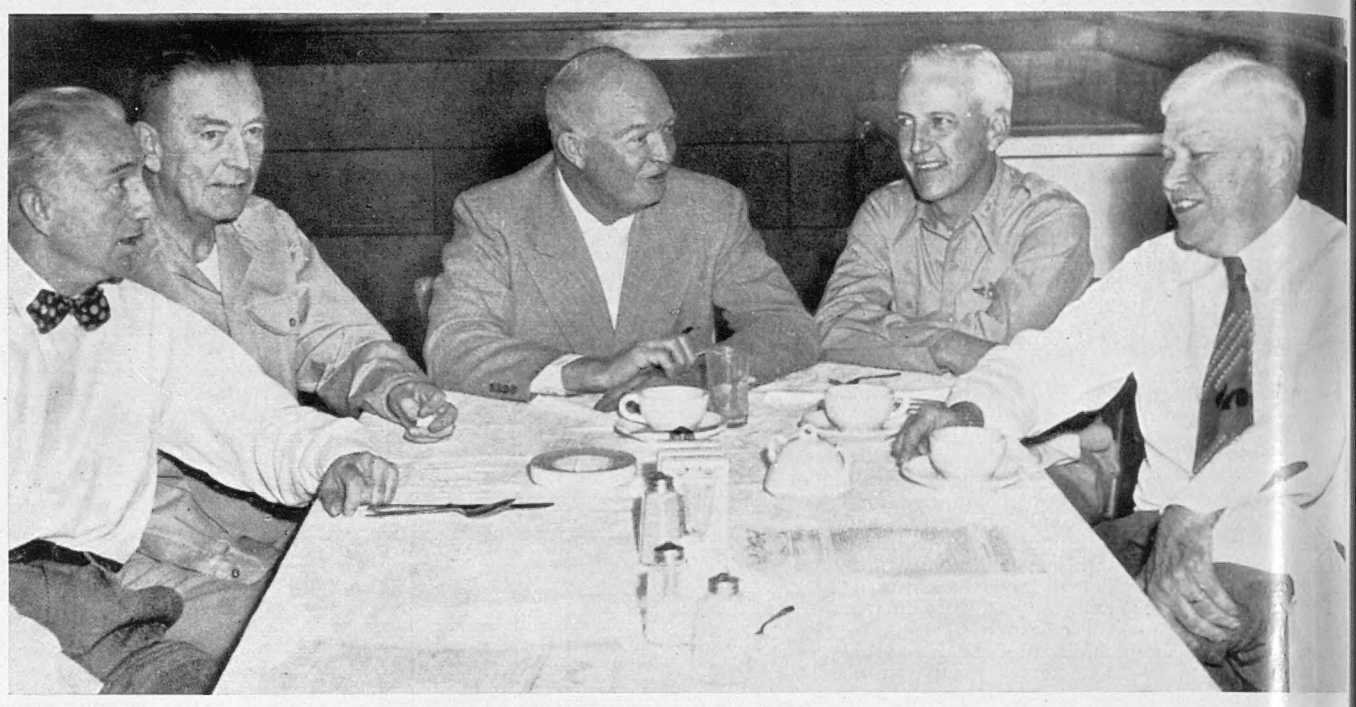
THE SYLVAN SETTING OF THE NATIONAL TRUST'S NEW PROPERTY AT NUNNINGTON, IN RYEDALE, YORKSHIRE: Nunnington Hall, a pleasant unassuming manor house, traditionally said to stand on the site of a nunnery, has been left to the Trust, with part of the contents and an endowment, by the late Mrs. Ronald Fife, who died in October. Though the west wing dates from *circa* 1580, the general character of the house is late seventeenth century. It was at that time that Richard Graham, later to become the first Viscount Preston, who inherited the property, and his uncle transformed the house into its present form. Viscount Preston, Secretary of State for Scotland under James II, was one of those who plotted against William of Orange. Preston's coat-of-arms is displayed over the fireplace in the panelled oak hall, which, together with the staircase, date back to the late seventeenth century.



EISENHOWER'S KOREAN JOURNEY

How the President-Elect Crossed the Pacific to Pursue His Promised Inquiry into the Korean War

THE HALT AT IWO JIMA : Military guards surrounding one of the Constellation aircraft which took General Eisenhower's party and representatives of the Press from the United States to Korea for the promised visit of inquiry. The General's Constellation also carried Mr. Charles E. Wilson, Defence Secretary-designate, Mr. Herbert Brownell, Attorney-General-designate, and General Omar Bradley, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington. Four halts were made en route—at San Francisco, Honolulu, Midway Island and Iwo Jima, where Admiral Radford, United States Naval Commander in the Pacific, joined the party.



On right—

BREAKFAST-TIME AT IWO JIMA : Wilton Persons, Special Assistant to the President-elect ; Admiral Arthur Radford, Pacific Fleet Commander ; General Eisenhower ; Major-General Paul Rustow, Commanding General, Far East Logistical Force ; and Charles E. Wilson, Secretary of Defence-designate. This stop at Iwo Jima enabled the President Elect to take a much-needed rest.

EISENHOWER ON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT SURIBACHI : The President-elect looking up at Old Glory during his visit to Iwo Jima, where some of the fiercest hand-to-hand fighting of the Pacific War took place. The flagstaff forms part of the memorial to troops who lost their lives in the fighting.

EISENHOWER DRESSED IN FOUL WEATHER GEAR TO PROTECT HIM FROM THE BITTER COLD OF THE KOREAN BATTLEFRONT WHEN BEGINNING HIS THREE-DAY TOUR : During his tour of the zone the President-elect followed a crowded schedule which included visits to a United States Air Force base, the 1st Marine Division, the U.S. 1st Corps, 1st British Commonwealth Division, 8055 Mobile Army Surgical Hospital, and the 1st R.O.K. [South Korean] Division.

GENERAL EISENHOWER MEETS THE "TOP BRASS" OF THE KOREAN CAMPAIGN—THE PRESIDENT-ELECT SEEN WITH NAVY, ARMY AND AIR FORCE LEADERS AT SEOUL: Left to right—Admiral Robert Briscoe, Chief of Naval Operations in the Far East; General O. P. Weyland, Far East Air Force Commander; General Eisenhower; General Mark Clark, Supreme Commander in the Far East; General James Van Fleet, Eighth Army Commander; General Omar Bradley, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington, and Admiral Arthur W. Radford, the Commander of the United States Naval Forces in the Pacific. While in Korea General Eisenhower discussed with the military leaders several so-called solutions of the war problem, and in particular, it is understood, a plan for a limited offensive, including powerful amphibious and airborne landings well behind the enemy lines. A naval blockade has also been suggested, but few people believe that this could be effective except over a long period.

SOMEWHERE ON THE KOREAN BATTLEFRONT: General Eisenhower eating chow with an American Army N.C.O. during his tour of the battlefront. General Eisenhower covered an immensity of ground in the course of his visit, spending in particular a fair amount of time with the British forces.

ON GUARD IN THE CITY OF SEOUL: A sentry of the Republic of Korea Forces posted on the roof of the Capitol building. He is watching troops and police reserves being lined up pending the arrival of General Eisenhower. Most elaborate security measures were adopted in the South Korean city by President Synghman Rhee and his colleagues.

GENERAL DWIGHT EISENHOWER MEETS HIS SON IN THE WAR ZONE: The President-elect with Major John Eisenhower as the two met for the first time since General Eisenhower was elected to the Presidency of the United States.

READY TO SCOUR THE CAPITOL GROUNDS AT SEOUL FOR BURIED MINES: South Korean troops equipped with mine-detectors which they used in making a last-minute search before the arrival of General Eisenhower. Security arrangements at the front were also elaborate.

BUILDING THE GREAT EAST POLDER : Construction work in progress in the region of Elburg, where there is considerable activity at the present moment. It is expected that this polder will be dry by 1956 and under cultivation by 1963, thus adding one more area of the former Zuider Zee to the reclaimed land mass of Holland. The three polders in this region will be joined to the already completed north-east polder by a bridge 1,100 yards long.

APPROACHING AMSTERDAM THROUGH THE ICY LAKE BETWEEN THE RECLAMATION AREAS : Amsterdam can be approached by shipping both from east and west, the eastern approach being through the Ijsel Meer (as depicted here) and the western approach through the Ocean Ship Canal. One reason why the lake has been left on the eastward side of Amsterdam is to ensure that the wooden piles which form the foundation of the city will not dry out and rot.

ZUIDER ZEE
RECLAMATION IS HALF COMPLETE

The Progress of the Great Work of Creating Vast New Areas of Agricultural Land for Holland

The progress of land reclamation has gone on in Holland steadily through the centuries, and the reclamation of the Zuider Zee is the great example of this enterprise in the twentieth century. The task was begun after the First World War, and between 1927 and 1933 the work of sealing off the Zuider Zee was completed. As a result of the creation of the great barrage between North Holland and Frieseland the famous inland sea gradually became a freshwater lake. The next stage of the programme was to build the polders within the Ijsel Meer, which was the new name for this new area of fresh water, 470 square miles in extent.

When the Second Great War broke out, the second of these polders was completed and the land behind it was dry. This was the north-east polder adjoining the mainland of Frieseland, Drenthe and Overyseel. During the war the land within this polder began to produce wheat. Now, as some of the accompanying pictures show, work is in progress on a third area, and in due course a fourth will follow.

The first polder has the unhappy distinction of having been drained twice. On the second occasion, because of wanton destruction of dykes by the Germans in 1945.

The polder was first dry in 1930 : 700,000,000 cubic metres of water were pumped from it in six-and-a-half months. There emerged a desert of mud, blank on the map, virgin territory on which to plan and place drainage canals, roads, villages and farmhouses. By 1940, there were three flourishing villages, Slootdorp, Middemeer, Wieringerwerf, and 512 big farms. On the polder, 15 ft. below sea-level, lived 7,000 people. They were served by 150 miles of new roads and by 30 concrete bridges over canals.

On April 17, 1945, only three weeks before the end of the war, the German General von Askowitz decided to destroy the whole project. Two giant holes were blasted in the main dyke and sea water flowed in over the farm land.

Within six weeks the newly-liberated Dutch had begun to repair the damage. It was found to be impossible to fill in the holes in the dyke (one 460 ft. long, the other 100 ft. long), so a new dyke was built at breakneck speed behind the gaps. On August 5 it was completed, and on August 11 new pumps shipped specially from the United States began for the second time in the short existence of the Wieringermeer to return 700,000,000 cubic metres of water to the North Sea.

Tremendous damage had been done to the polder. Of the 512 farms, 411 had been totally destroyed. One house remained intact of 150 houses which made up Wieringerwerf. Slootdorp and Middemeer had crumbled into ruins.

The only bright spot on this melancholy picture was that no salt water had come into the polder. The floods were from the neighbouring freshwater lake, itself sealed off from the sea by another dyke. The soil was not in bad condition, and after the repair of the canal system in March 1946, a first small harvest was taken from the land in August of the same year. Within three years 130 farms were rebuilt, and 85 per cent. of the original population had returned to their homes.

The north-east polder has also had a colourful history, but of another kind. Work started in 1936, and the 55-kilometre dyke, sealing off the area, was finished in 1940. One after another, three huge pumps took up the task of pumping it dry, each handling about 400,000 gallons a minute. The polder was dry by 1942. Further developments stopped because of the war, but the conveniently abandoned polder became a perfect hiding-place for underground fighters and for many Allied pilots.

Since the war, work has advanced rapidly on the 85,000 acres which are dry. A further 28,000 acres will eventually be available. Ploughs which go 4 to 5 ft. deep into the earth are being used to lift the heavy soil to the surface, on top of the present sandy topsoil. The new land is already yielding excellent crops of seed potatoes, flax and sugar-beet.

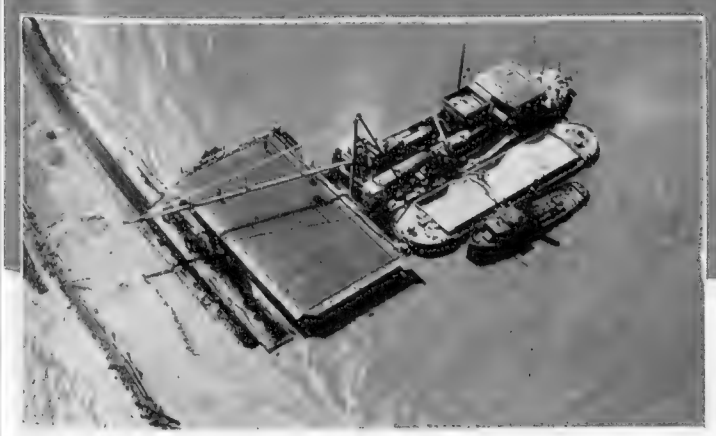
In this construction task, which owes so much to Dutch ingenuity and the Dutch land hunger, American financial aid has of late played no small part. 5,000,000 dollars having gone towards constructional costs and more than 1,000,000 dollars in the purchase of American agricultural machinery. Dutchmen are selected for the new land on their record as workers. The new landowners have the advantage of having their holdings all together, whereas most Dutch farmers, the victims of peculiar inheritance laws, have to carry on among scattered holdings.

The farmers of the Ijsel Meer are all keen men, and on the walls of their prefabricated homes their master schedules for scientific crop rotation usually have a special place. The Dutch Ministry of Agriculture keeps a watchful and beneficent eye on the young farmers, and everything possible is done to help them in attaining ever higher standards of productivity

HOLLAND'S MIGHTY EXPERIMENT IN LAND RECLAMATION: This sketch-map shows the three reclamation areas of the Ijsel Meer, the former Zuider Zee, and also the outer barrage erected between North Holland and Frieseland. The reclamation, when completed in 1982, will increase the area of Holland by 7 per cent. Thirty years' work has now been completed, so it can be said that the reclamation scheme has reached the half-way stage.

On right—

THE GREAT ELBURG DYKE: Construction on this dyke proceeds at a rate of 110 yards per week, with 100 men engaged on the task. The dyke has a foundation and body of sand and an outside lining of boulder clay.



WORK ON THE EAST POLDER: This is another view of the system of dykes near Elburg, the town being seen in the distance. This new polder is in the third area of reclamation of the Ijsel Meer, the remnant of the Zuider Zee, which has now become a freshwater lake. Already two areas have been made ready for cultivation. With these new lands, Holland is slowly but surely fighting her way towards self-sufficiency and a better way of life. *Inset on left*—A close-up of dredger equipment at work. Much of the equipment has been purchased with American financial aid.

The Fight Against MAU MAU

Rounding Up Suspected Mau Mau Adherents; the Murder of Commander I. H. Meiklejohn; a Mau Mau Raid

Although Jomo Kenyatta and other African leaders alleged to be concerned in the management of Mau Mau have been behind bars, their absence has in no way seemed to impair the belligerence of the troublesome Kikuyu tribesmen, and many hardened Mau Mau criminals may still be in hiding in the thick forests of the Aberdares.

During the raid undertaken in the Mahiga location by two companies of the 5th King's African Rifles, with elements from the police and the Kenya Regiment, a new feature was the assistance afforded by some 350 members of the Kikuyu "resistance groups," armed with spears, *Pangas* (heavy knives) and bows and arrows, and wearing red arm-bands. The raiding parties achieved complete surprise, but as they began to move forward through the area shrill bird-call whistles sounded the alarm. Some 200 men were screened and 140—including at least one important criminal—taken away to Nyeri.

It was clear from the appearance of the prisoners, from the state of their garments and their matted hair, that they had been lying out in this district for some time. The troops also found a glade where Mau Mau ceremonial "appliances" were lying about, and it was evident that oath-taking ceremonies had been held there repeatedly.

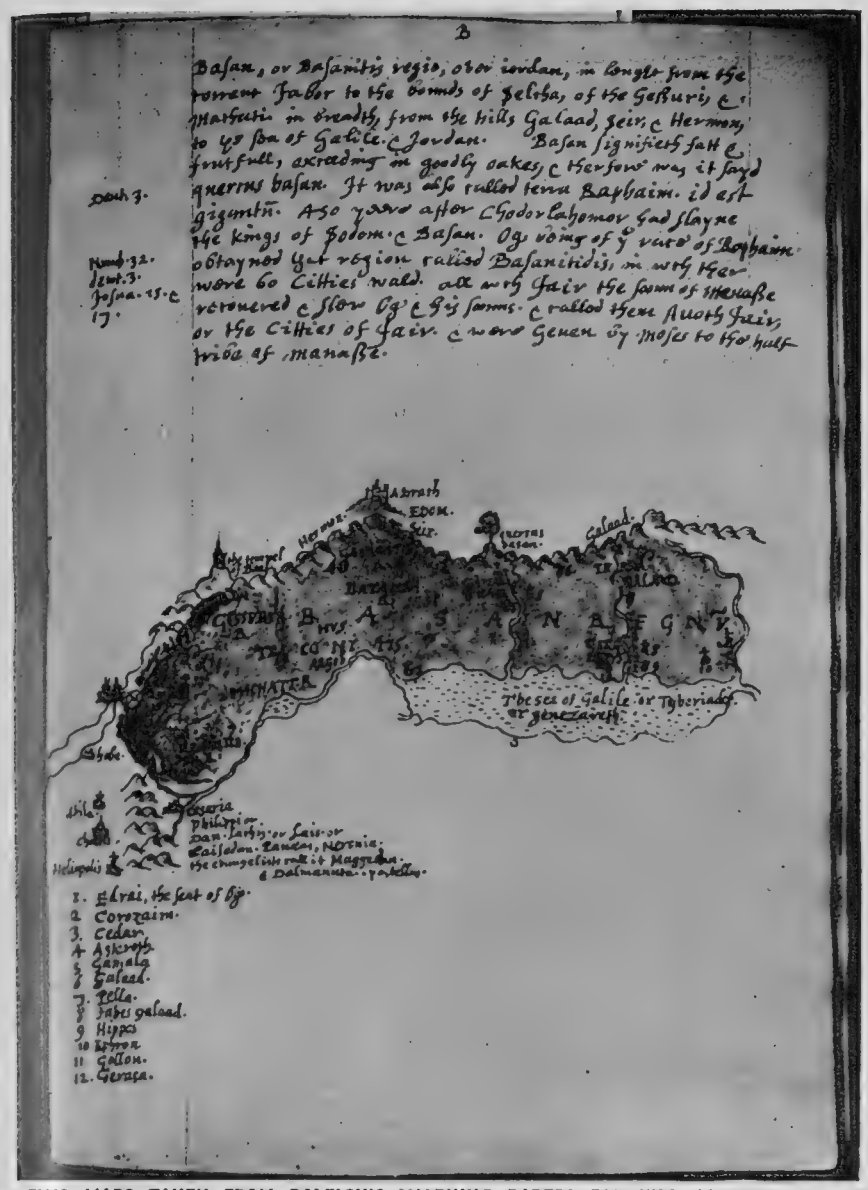
After the raid members of the Kikuyu "Home Guard" marched back to their homes in high spirits at their success, laughing and shouting as they went.

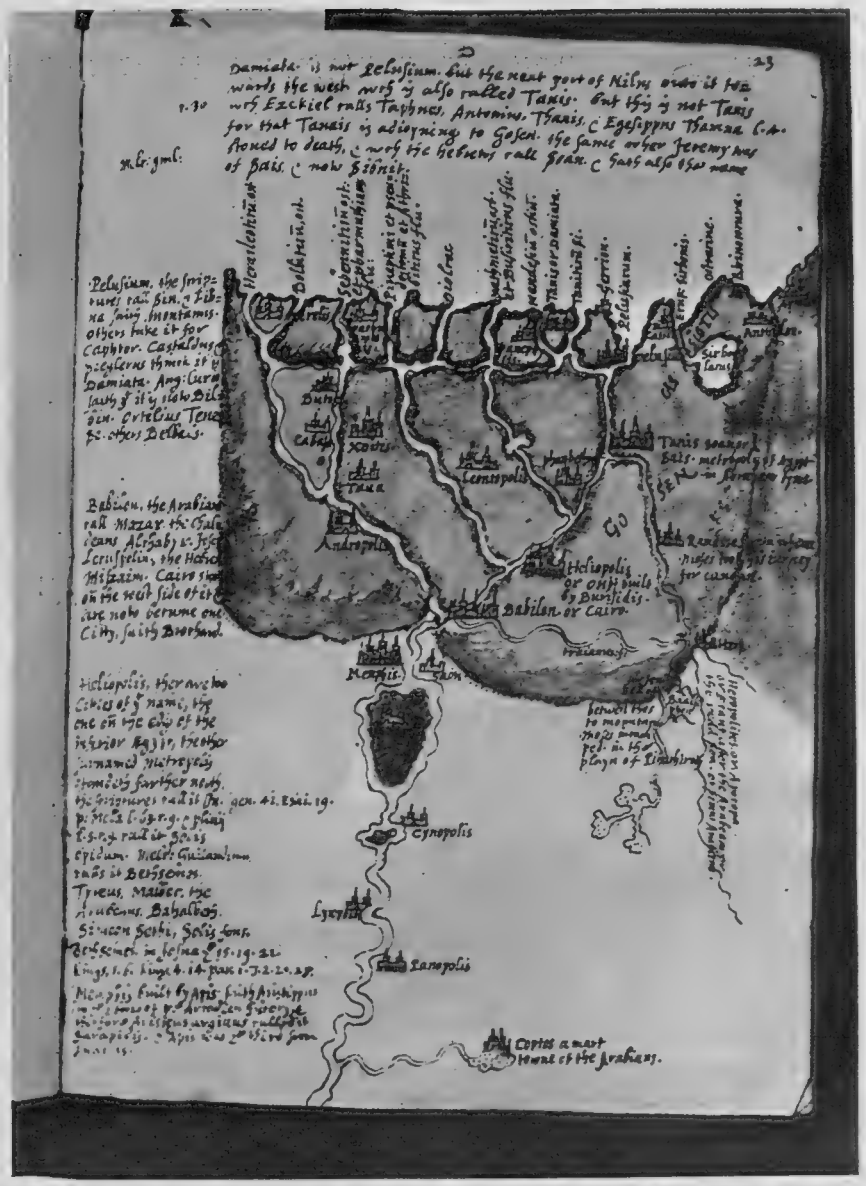
ROUNDING UP A NUMBER OF MAU MAU SUSPECTS WHO HAD BEEN HIDING IN A MAIZE PLANTATION IN THE MAHIGA LOCATION OF KENYA: It was believed that hardened Mau Mau criminals were hiding in this area, committing crimes both in the Reserve and on the other side of the Aberdares at Thomson's Falls. About 140 suspects were taken to Nyeri after the raid by two companies of the 5th King's African Rifles, assisted by police and the Kenya Regiment. Local "Home Guard" groups also helped the soldiers.

THE AFRICAN SERVANTS WHO WERE ARRESTED AFTER THE MURDER OF COMMANDER I. H. MEIKLEJOHN IN HIS HOUSE AT THOMSON'S FALLS: It was stated that the two men on the left are suspected of the murder, while the others have turned Queen's evidence against them. Commander Meiklejohn and his wife were attacked by five Africans who burst into the house and slashed them both with heavy knives.

POLICEMEN MAKING INVESTIGATIONS AT THE SQUAIR HOMESTEAD AT NGOBIT AFTER THE MAU MAU RAID: Fortunately Mr. and Mrs. Squair were away when the raid took place, but much of their furniture was severely damaged by the raiders.

MRS. SQUAIR OF NGOBIT, KENYA, EXAMINING THE WRECKAGE OF HER HOME AFTER A VISIT FROM THE MAU MAU: The Squairs were away when the Mau Mau entered their home, which is thirty-four miles from the nearest settlement in the Nyeri-Thomson's Falls area, so the raiders gave vent to their fury by wrecking everything they could lay hands on. *On right*—The wreckage in one of the bedrooms. The windows and mirror are smashed and the contents of the drawers strewn around. A note, evidently written by a semi-literate, was left behind. It read: "Be thankful to God whatever the case may be and first we are required your head and we did not take it... Think you are Kenya's meat. We are not too much and we are more than 25 million people and we are killing Europlain."





TWO MAPS TAKEN FROM RALEIGH'S WORKING PAPERS FOR THE "HISTORY OF THE WORLD," A MANUSCRIPT WHICH WAS ONCE IN THE PHILLIPPS LIBRARY AND IS NOW IN PRIVATE HANDS: *Left*—The Kingdom of Basan and the Sea of Galilee, together with Raleigh's note about Basan. *Right*—The map of the Nile Delta, with accompanying notes on the topography of the area. Experts at the British Museum are now agreed that these maps and the commonplace book to which they belong were the working papers for Raleigh's uncompleted *History of the World*. The first volume of the History was published during 1614.

THE DISCOVERY OF RALEIGH'S WORKING PAPERS FOR HIS WORLD HISTORY

A Remarkable Find which Sheds New Light on the Genius of this Great Elizabethan

As courtier, soldier, sailor, politician, poet, historian and chemist, Sir Walter Raleigh ranked high among all his fellows. In all these things he exhibited both flair and aptitude, and more often than not there was real genius.

His career was always exciting, sometimes sordid; he was as much pirate as explorer, and it is doubtful indeed if this ebullient Elizabethan would ever have set himself down to the exacting business of writing geography and history if he had not been for thirteen years a prisoner in the Tower.

Perhaps we can indeed be grateful that Raleigh was thus incarcerated, though goodness knows what he would have achieved if he had been loosed upon the world at the time of his enforced literary creation.

Raleigh's *History of the World* was begun for Henry Prince of Wales and never completed, and it was all written during his imprisonment. Raleigh at that time had already gathered a large library, and he could draw upon the still greater collections of his fellow-prisoner, the ninth Earl of Northumberland. Help was also available from scholars in Northumberland's service, including Thomas Hariot. Because of this Raleigh has been accused of wearing borrowed plumes of learning, and Ben Jonson even asserted that "the best wits of England were employed for making of his History."

There was perhaps some element of truth in these assertions, but we are able to-day to form a much fairer picture of Raleigh the historian as a result of the discovery of Raleigh's working papers for his History.

The working papers, now identified by Mr. A. J. Collins, Keeper in the Manuscript Department in the British Museum, and Mr. T. C. Skeat, who worked on the recent Raleigh exhibition, are identical with Manuscript No. 6339, which was formerly in the Phillipps library and is now in private hands. This is a commonplace book in vellum covers, with the leaves lettered alphabetically to form a sort of geographical glossary of the Middle East, with historical notes.

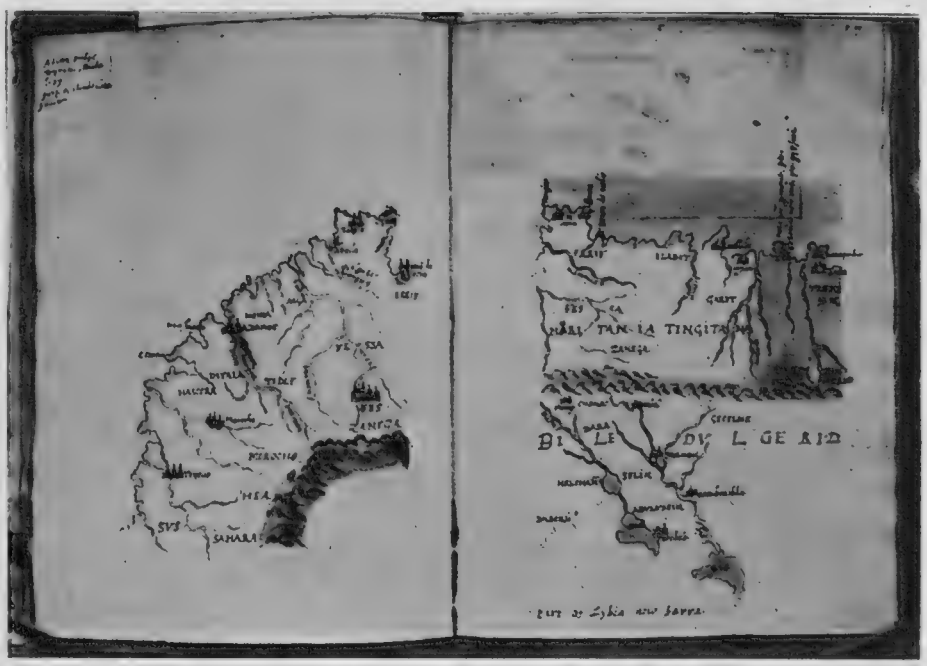
The commonplace book contains a dozen manuscript maps, also an early library list and a poem of seven four-line stanzas. There is a long note, too, on the stock Elizabethan geographical problem regarding the whereabouts of the mystery land of Ophir and the source of Solomon's gold.

How Mr. Collins and Mr. Skeat came to establish that the writer of the commonplace book and the author of the *History of the World* were one and the same person was described recently by Mr. W. F. Oakeshott, the headmaster of Winchester, who emphasises the points of correspondence between the two works, most notably in relation to Raleigh's writings on Trinidad.

Messrs. Collins and Skeat also noticed a long series of parallels between the commonplace book and the History on the River Euphrates, and these parallels, it is held, put the question of Raleigh's authorship beyond any doubt. In one remarkable instance, indeed, it has been found possible to correct a printer's error in the History by reference to the commonplace book, which quite obviously reveals what Raleigh really intended.

What is specially interesting in the commonplace book is the list of books Raleigh had at his disposal, presumably while working in the Tower, and the list is certainly consistent with Raleigh's requirements for the great task he was undertaking.

Over and above all, this new discovery establishes the fact that Raleigh was very much an author in his own right, and no mere plagiarist and imitator, no matter what Jonson may have said in his scorn. Mr. Collins and Mr. Skeats have given us news of an intensely valuable addition to Raleighana, and the only pity is that the discovery was not made known in time for the exhibition held earlier in the present year in the King's Library at the British Museum to mark the 400th anniversary of the birth of Raleigh, an exhibition that illustrated Raleigh's activities in England and abroad at the height of his career.



A DOUBLE-PAGE MAP OF THE NORTH-WEST CORNER OF AFRICA: This is another extract from Raleigh's commonplace book which ranges the world in such knowledgeable fashion. The book was recently examined by Mr. A. J. Collins and Mr. T. C. Skeat at the British Museum, and they agreed that the hand was Raleigh's.

For yet one other reason the commonplace book is of vital importance. It contains a hitherto unknown poem to Cynthia, to whom Raleigh gives all the names of the maiden goddesses:

Now we have present made
To Cynthia: Phoebe, Flora.
Diana and Aurora;
Bewty that cannot vade.

A floure of love's own planting
A patern keipt by nature
For bewty, forme, and stature
When shee would frame a darling.

She as the valley of Perue
Whose sumer ever lusteth
Time conquering all she mastreth
By beinge allways new.

It is not yet possible to say whether this new poem will lead to reconsideration of the date of the already existing Hatfield fragment of the poem to Cynthia, but it may well be so.

Hardly any autograph manuscripts of Raleigh's poetry have survived, though many copies, both contemporary and later, exist in the British Museum's collections. Some of the best records of Raleigh as a poet are found in the work of his first cousin and firm friend, Sir Arthur Gorges.

b

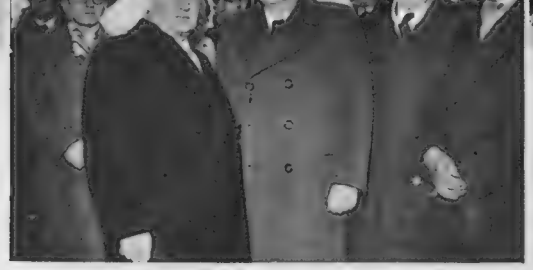
A FOREIGN NEWS SURVEY

The Passing of Queen Elena of Italy, and Signor Orlando, Elder Statesman of Italy; The Belsen Memorial; Hoffmann and the Saar Elections and Other News

THE FUNERAL OF QUEEN ELENA, WIDOW OF THE LATE KING VICTOR EMMANUEL III OF ITALY: *Left*—Ladies in deep mourning walking beside the hearse as the body of the late Queen was taken from her residence, Mas du Rouel, to the St. Lazare Cemetery, Montpellier, where it was laid to rest provisionally in the family vault of the Queen's physician. *Right*—Ex-King Humbert II of Italy, son of the late Queen Elena, walking in the funeral procession with his wife, the former Queen Marie Jose

At Montpellier, Southern France, where she had been living in retirement for some years and had done much to endear herself to the people of the region, Queen Elena, Consort of the late King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, was laid to rest last week, with her son, ex-King Humbert II, and ex-Queen Marie Jose as the chief mourners. Queen Elena was the fourth daughter and fifth child of Nicholas II, King of Montenegro, that diminutive Royal state which after the First World War became part of the newly-established Yugoslavian monarchy. Queen Elena's wedding to the Prince of Naples took place in Rome in 1896, and the Italian populace, who had at first hoped for a more ambitious alliance, soon took to their hearts a Princess who proved thoughtful of their interests and devoted to good works. When the terrible earthquake of 1908 left Messina and Reggio in ruins, Queen Elena took her place at the side of the King in the work of rescue and relief, an example of devotion to duty that won her the admiration of her people and the world.

THE DUCHESS OF AOSTA AND THE DUCHESS HELEN AT THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE QUEEN ELENA OF ITALY: They are seen standing at the gates of the Queen's villa, Mas du Rouel



THE WEST GERMAN PRESIDENT AT BELSEN: Herr Theodor Heuss (right centre) with Dr. Nahum Goldmann, the President of the Jewish World Congress. Dr. Goldmann spoke at the dedication of the Belsen Memorial on behalf of the 6,000,000 European Jews who had perished at the hands of the Nazis.

HERE LIE BURIED 1,000 BODIES—ONE OF THE MASS GRAVES IN THE FORMER CONCENTRATION CAMP AT BELSEN, IN THE LÜNEBURGER HEIDE: On this site of tragic and ill-famed memory now stands a wall of remembrance more than 150-ft.-long bearing an inscription recording in eleven languages the sacrifices and sufferings of the dead of many nations. In front of the wall is a sandstone obelisk rising to nearly 90 ft., and this is seen with the flags of the nations surrounding it. Its official dedication took place last week.

On right—
THE ITALIAN PRESIDENT MOURNS THE PASSING OF ANOTHER ELDER STATESMAN OF ITALY: President Luigi Einaudi standing before the body of the late Vittorio Emannuele Orlando, who died last week at his home in Rome at the age of ninety-two. Signor Orlando was the last of the big four of Versailles Treaty days, when he worked with Wilson, Clemenceau and Lloyd-George in the reorganisation of post-war Italy. Orlando was Prime Minister of Italy in the latter part of the First World War, and from the outbreak of that war had campaigned vigorously on behalf of the Allies, despite the lukewarmness of many of his own people. When Mussolini emerged, Orlando made a courageous but unsuccessful attempt to link Fascism with the democratic process. When that failed, he retired into private life. He did not emerge again into the political field until after the liberation of Rome in 1944. Signor Orlando's death followed only a few days after that of Benedetto Croce, another distinguished Elder Statesman of Italy.

MORTON SOBELL BOARDS THE AIRCRAFT FOR ALCATRAZ: The atom spy seen (right) as he was escorted aboard the aircraft which took him across America from New York to the Pacific Coast, where he is now serving his thirty-year sentence in the Alcatraz island prison. Sobell was convicted with Julius and Ethel Rosenberg of conspiring to transmit atom secrets to Russia between 1944 and 1950, and while he received a life sentence the Rosenbergs were condemned to die. If no last-minute appeal succeeds they will be electrocuted in Sing Sing in the second week of January. Sobell and the Rosenbergs have both sought to have their sentences set aside on the grounds that Federal Judge Irving Kaufman showed prejudice in summing up the evidence in the course of their trial.

JOHANNESS HOFFMANN, MINISTER PRESIDENT OF THE SAAR, RECORDS HIS VOTE IN THE SAAR PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS: His party won a handsome majority at the polls, and, in fact, over 60 per cent. of the registered votes were for the parties upholding the present regime of political autonomy within the economic union with France. The parties in favour of the Saar rejoining Germany and becoming part of the West German Federal Republic had a considerable setback, most notably the Roman Catholic Germans Party led by Jacob Kaiser. The pro-German parties urged Saarlanders to boycott the elections by staying home or by casting invalid papers, thus producing the effect of a referendum.

With an electoral turnout of 93 per cent., a vote of almost Hitlerian proportions, but in no other sense Hitlerian, the people of the Saar have rejected union with Germany, and the German attempt to make this parliamentary election a plebiscite for the return of the Saar to Germany proved an almost complete failure. The present elections have affirmed the admittedly transitory status of the Saar, and they pave the way for a resumption of Franco-German negotiations for a permanent settlement of the Saar question. Herr Schumann and Dr. Adenauer may now indeed resume their negotiations (only recently broken off) for the internationalisation of the Saar. During the election Roman Catholic leaders, led by the Bishop of Trier, supported the Germans by formally telling the Saarlanders they had no duty to vote, thus sanctioning abstention and the casting of invalid ballots. The election was technically local, involving the choice of a new Saar Parliament, a fact that tended to be lost sight of amid the wider issues of the day.

THE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF PRESIDENT VINCENT AURIOL IS HONOURED: The Marquis Georges de Crequi Montfort de Courtivron, President of the French Academy of Sports, presents the award known as the Deutsh de la Meurthe to Madame Paul Auriol. The award was made to Madame Auriol for her women's air speed record of more than 800 kilometres per hour. The presentation was made at a dinner in the Hotel Crillon in Paris.

HAPPIER DAYS FOR THE JAPANESE WAR CRIMINALS: For the first time since their imprisonment seven years ago 640 Japanese war criminals were permitted outside the Sugamo Prison recently when they attended a professional baseball game in Tokyo. In the middle of the second row in this picture taken at the game are former Admiral Shimada and Hiroshi Oshima, the former Japanese Ambassador to Germany. Many changes are taking place in Japan at the present time, and signs are not wanting that she is returning to the old feudal practices of pre-war days. Only a year after the departure of MacArthur it began to be evident that his overlordship had borne little or no fruit.

On right—

THE OPENING OF THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT IN OTTAWA: The Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey, Governor-General of Canada, reading the speech from the throne at the opening of Canada's twenty-first Parliament. Seated on the left of the throne is Mr. St. Laurent, the Canadian Prime Minister. Mr. Massey has been advised to rest, and on doctor's orders he has postponed a visit to the North-West Territories.

BRITISH MIGRANTS IN TROUBLE

A Clash with Australian Police During Protests Against the Eviction of Migrant Families

MIGRANTS STRUGGLING WITH AUSTRALIAN POLICE IN A HOSTEL AT BROOKLYN, NEAR MELBOURNE: The picture *above* and the two *below* were taken when the migrants and Commonwealth Government officers, supported by fifty uniformed police, were involved in a struggle during a demonstration against the eviction of two families from the hostel. The trouble began last April when Commonwealth Hostels Limited, the Government company running hostels for migrants, made substantial increases in their charges because of rising costs. Some of the migrants refused to pay the increases and others stopped their payments altogether in protest. The evicted families in question were alleged to be among the latter; they were eventually moved from the hostel and spent the following night in the homes of friends. Other migrants threatened to walk out in a body and camp in the fields and parks if there were any further evictions. Later, Mr. H. E. Holt, the Australian Minister of Immigration, announced the appointment of a committee of four to investigate the whole question of the eviction of these two families, and the British High Commissioner was invited to send an observer to the meetings. Meanwhile, the evictions have been halted until the committee has reported to the Immigration Minister.

AN INCIDENT AT THE HOTEL KIKAKU, TOKYO: Private J. J. Patton, of the Australian Army, being forcibly removed after his arrest by the Japanese on charges of being concerned in robbing a taxi-driver of 2,500 yen, the equivalent of a little over £2. Sapper D. Hepples, of the Royal Engineers, was arrested at the same time, and a third soldier, an Australian, was held by the Commonwealth military police in Tokyo. As soon as Patton and Hepples were arrested Australian and British diplomatists took action to secure their release, and the men were returned to Commonwealth custody a week later.

U.N. SOLDIERS UNDER JAPANESE ARREST

They were Charged with Robbing a Japanese Taxi-driver of About £2

SAPPER D. HEPPLES, OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS, CONCEALING HIS FACE FROM PHOTOGRAPHERS AFTER HIS ARREST IN TOKYO: With the Australian soldier, Patton, he was arrested by Tokyo police on charges of armed robbery, but both were later handed over to the Commonwealth authorities in Japan.

THE NAIROBI THIEVES' MARKET OBLITERATED BY FIRE

A MIGHTY BLAZE MYSTERIOUSLY FOLLOWS THE MURDER OF COUNCILLOR MBOTELA, A CITY COUNCILLOR AND A FORMER MAU MAU ADHERENT

ANOTHER BATCH FOR SCREENING: These Africans, seen behind barbed wire in a Nairobi compound, were arrested in the famous Thieves' Market during a police round-up which took place only a few hours before the market was obliterated by fire. The police round-up occurred after the body of Councillor Mbotela, a member of the Nairobi City Council, had been found bearing knife-wounds and lying face downwards in a muddy pool. Mbotela had been threatened repeatedly by Mau Mau in recent weeks.

In Kenya these days dramatic events follow one another from day to day as the Government pursues its two-fold policy of combating the Mau Mau terror. Nothing could have been more fraught with drama than the night of the murder of the loyalist, Councillor Mbotela. In the evening Mbotela had attended a reception at the City Hall given by the Mayor, Dr. Gregory, to enable city councillors and their wives to meet the Governor, Sir Evelyn Baring. Mbotela, who had foresworn Mau Mau and was known as a loyalist, determined to secure advancement for the people by constitutional means, had a long talk with the Governor. It was noted, however, that he appeared troubled and preoccupied throughout the evening. A few hours later his body was found in the Thieves' Market; he had been stabbed in the back with a panga (long knife) and he lay in a pool of water, face downwards. Whether it was the murderers who subsequently set the market ablaze is not known.

AFRICAN POLICE PUSH A LORRY TO SAFETY AS THE BLAZE FROM THE THIEVES' MARKET SPREADS: Pillars of flame lit up all Nairobi while the market was ablaze. The wooden stalls, covering an area of about half a square mile, were all obliterated, thus bringing to an end a market which has in recent years been a centre of crime and for the receipt of stolen goods, occasioning frequent police visits.

NATIVE POLICE WERE DRAFTED INTO THE MARKET AREA AFTER THE BLAZE: Three members of the force resting between duty. Earlier in the night they had investigated the market stalls ahead of the blaze and brought to safety a number of people who, against the regulations, were sleeping there.

EVACUEES FROM THE BURNT-OUT MARKET: Natives rescued from the flames seen with African police who helped to bring them to safety in advance of the fire. Most of the evacuees living in the market were vagrants.

AS DAWN BREAKS AFRICANS SURVEY THE RUINS OF THEIR MARKET: *Left*—They are wandering among the debris, searching for any remnants of their property that may have escaped the blaze. The fire was so fierce, however, that the fire-pumps of the African brigades were ineffective. *Right*—A view of the great crowd which congregated on the perimeter of the still-smouldering market area. After the fire the police began an investigation on the spot, but beyond the fact that the fire may have been connected in some way with the murder of Councillor Mbotela, they were unable to make any clear-cut statement. A new market has been under construction for some time past.

"CROZ, CROZ, COME HERE!": Edward Whymper, the intrepid British mountaineer, and his chief guide, on the summit of the Matterhorn, exult to see the rival party still far below them on the Italian side. Their triumph was short-lived, for disaster befell them on their own way down—a chapter which forms the most dramatic incident in all Alpine history. This illustration, together with others on this page, is taken from Edward Whymper's celebrated book, *Scrambles Among the Alps, 1860-69*, which was published by John Murray.

PIONEERING DAYS IN THE ALPS

A Seasonable Account of the First British Climbers Who Led the Way to Swiss Summits; How They Tackled Their Manifold Problems and the Initiation of the Scientific Approach to Mountaineering

By ELIZABETH COXHEAD

(Author of "One Green Bottle," "A Wind in the West" and "A Play Toward")

I NEVER see the *morgenrot*, the breathtaking carmine glow on the snow peaks as the sun comes up, without a wistful thought for that other historic dawn, when travellers first discovered the beauty and wonder of the Alps. Bliss was it then to be alive . . . to find the summits virgin, the snows trackless, the halting-places innocent of sardine-tins . . . not to know whether one could cross the col or descend into the valley, or even, so inadequate were the early maps, how many peaks and valleys there were . . . and we can in some sense recapture the exploratory joy, for these pioneers were gifted both with words and pencil, and their enchanting books have more than a collector's interest to-day.

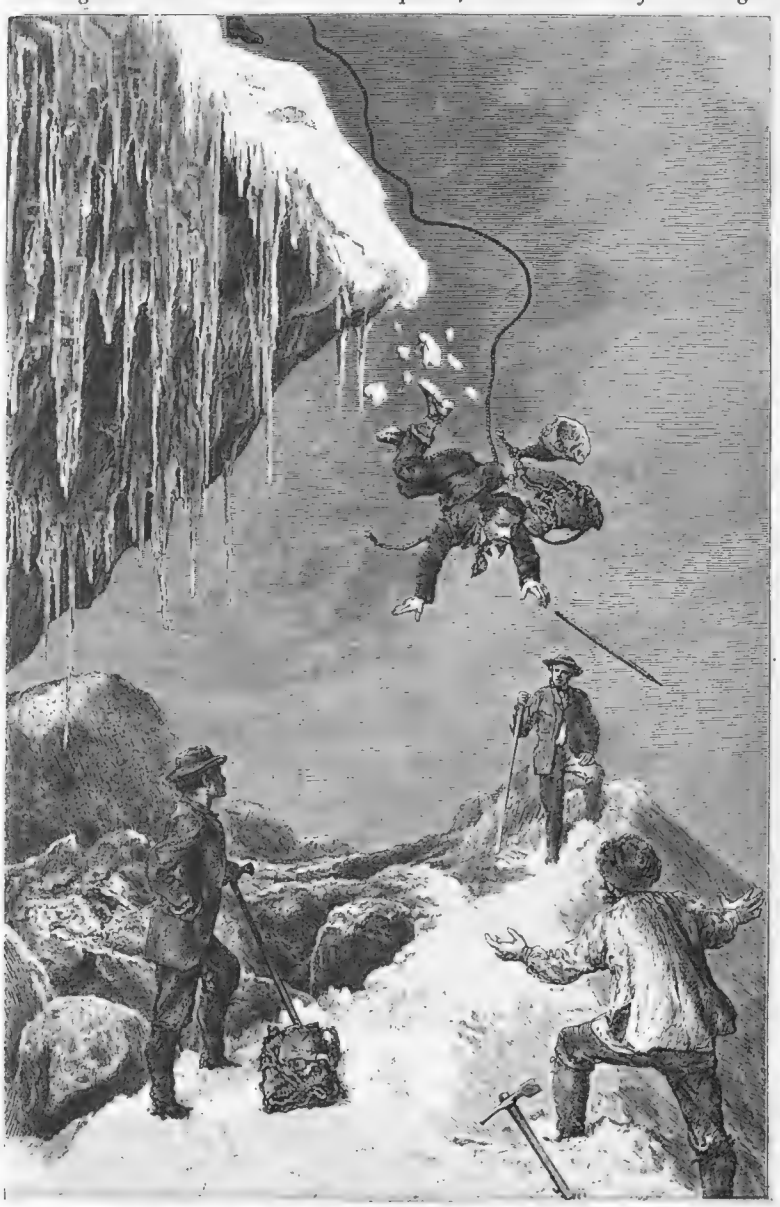
Best of all, perhaps, we can recapture it in the *Travels Through the Alps* of Professor Forbes, who, if De Saussure was the father of Alpine travel, may at any rate rank as its British godfather. As with all the pioneers, his first purpose was scientific, and it is easy to smile now at their loads of barometers and actinometers and Russian furnaces; but a scientific interest does imply close observation, and there is something very queer about glaciers, with their "tables" and invisible dirt-bands and potholes swallowing up great rivers. An intelligent interest in their mysteries is again becoming fashionable to-day.

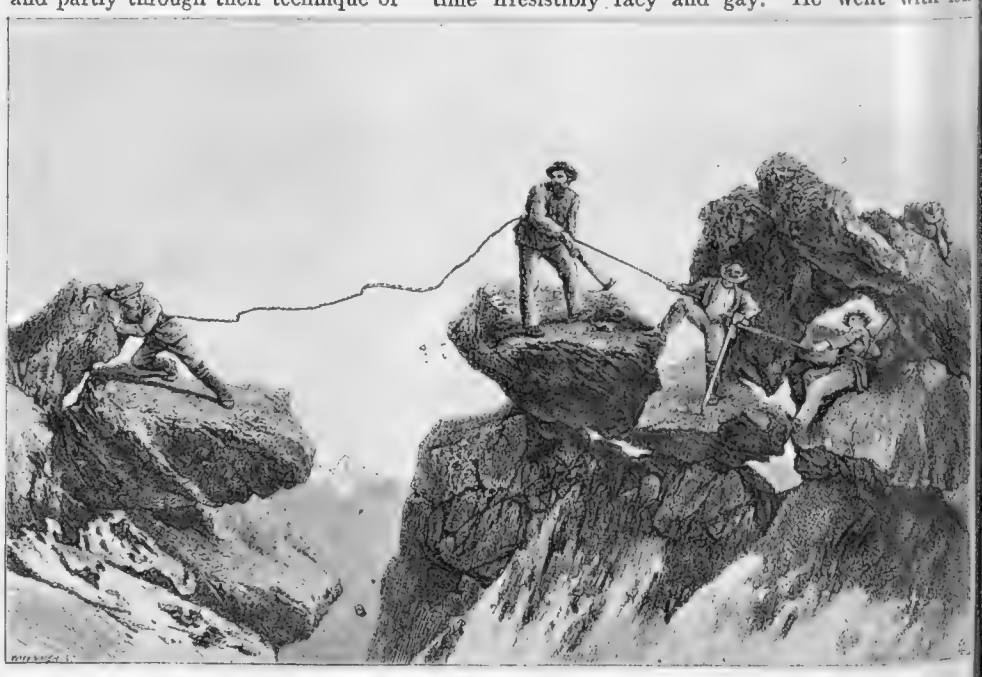
Forbes was for ever boiling water to ascertain, from its boiling-point, his height above sea-level, but he would then use it to brew tea. He carried a hammer to chip off geological specimens, but with it he also chipped steps in the ice, for ice-axes had not yet been invented. He pottered for weeks on the Mer de Glace, but he also was the first to cross the vast snowfields that lie between Zermatt and Arolla, finding the gruesome corpse of a smuggler on the way. He penetrated the Dauphiné Alps, and was grateful for a village priest's hospitality. At Zermatt the doctor kept a little inn. Otherwise, there were no hotels anywhere but at Chamonix, and, of course, no Alpine huts. His bed was commonly the hay in a high chalet, where the cheese-makers looked at him wonderingly, and decided, either that he was a fugitive or that he sought gold under the glacier ice. He gives an idyllic description of their honesty and innocence.

His book, reprinted without its scientific chapters, became a best-seller (one imagines somewhat to his surprise) and fired the whole generation of young men who were in 1857 to found the Alpine Club. He was not himself much of a climber—the Jungfrau was his only big summit, and his only the fourth party up it—yet they never ceased to hail him as their master, with affectionate respect. They were no less loaded with barometers than he—it was to take a Leslie Stephen to laugh the Alpine Club out of its scientific mania—and if they pushed higher, it was partly because they were training up the first batch of really efficient native guides, and partly through their technique of high bivouacs, which spared them the immense distances covered on foot by Forbes. We hear much of these damp, draughty and classic resting-places—the "Hotel Tuckett" discovered by that doughty Alpine Clubbist under the Aletschorn, the "gite on the Faulberg," which Hardy describes as overlooking "a veritable Place de la Concorde of nature" (the joke caught on, and it remains the Concordiaplatz to this day). From these outposts the Alpine giants were assaulted one by one, and every chapter in the Club's early annals ends with some variant of that infinitely enviable remark: "I was the first to set foot on this hitherto untrodden summit."

From Forbes come the climbers: from Albert Smith the mountaineering tourists, a very different race, who are hauled up a famous mountain (usually Mont Blanc) to say they have done it, and live on the exploit for ever afterwards. Smith was a journalist, a lecturer, a common and, indeed, vulgar publicist, who yet loved the mountains passionately. He spent half his life's holidays at the foot of Mont Blanc, and at last, in 1851, summoned up courage for the ascent, although (true to his type) he did not trouble to get into any proper training. His account, in *The Story of Mont Blanc*, is absurdly exaggerated ("every step we took was gained from the chance of a horrible death," etc.), and at the same time irresistibly racy and gay. He went with four

A TYPICAL ALPINE BIVOUAC: There were no Alpine huts in the days of Edward Whymper and his fellow-pioneers, and it was from such draughty and inhospitable sleeping-places as this that men set out on their final assaults on the virgin summits of the Swiss Alps. Whymper describes in his book *Scrambles Amongst the Alps* how he slept on this exposed ridge on Mount Suc, at a height of 9,700 ft. above sea-level, more soundly than if he had been in a feather-bed.





HAZARDOUS MOMENTS IN THE HIGH ALPS RECORDED BY EDWARD WHYMPER: *Left*—One of Whymper's friends is encouraged to jump a berghsrund on the Col de la Pilatte, a downward jump of 15 to 16 ft. and a forward leap of 7 or 8 ft. having to be made at one and the same time. The jumper had to hit a narrow ridge of snow, neither falling short, where a crevasse yawned, nor going too far into the abyss. *Right*—Whymper's party descending the western arête of the Pointe des Ecrins. Their manipulation of the rope appears to be decidedly risky. It was not until many years later that the principle of belaying was really well understood.

CROSSING THE GRAND PLATEAU AT NIGHT: This was Albert Smith's impression of his immense cavalcade of guides and porters on the twenty-eighth ascent of Mont Blanc. Albert Smith described his adventures in a volume entitled *The Story of Mont Blanc*. Smith was a journalist and lecturer, and in his footsteps have followed the mountaineering tourists of later years. He was a vulgarian and never minimised his exploits.

companions, and they had four guides each. They slept on the bare rocks of the Grands Mulets (no cabin then), consumed 100 bottles of wine and then raced the empty bottles down the snows. (Alas, Albert, I fear you were the pioneer litter-bug also.) Next day they staggered on, finding the Mur de la Côte "all but perpendicular" (no wonder, after all that alcohol), but at length stood on the summit and drank to their lady friends. The descent was effected by unorthodox glissades, and Chamonix welcomed them with gunfire and champagne. And though Mont Blanc was the most-climbed mountain of the Alps, still their ascent was only the twenty-eighth: Albert had reason to be proud.

His book, and even more his lecture, which grew ever more dramatic, fired the multitude. He delivered the lecture for years, all over the country, adding such delightful and irrelevant appendages as girls in Swiss costume, two live chamois and a pack of St. Bernard dogs. He even delivered it before Queen Victoria, who, though she was not inspired to make the ascent, must surely have been this time amused.

There was also developing a third sort of Alpine traveller, not a peak-bagger, but a maker of long and often very tough walking tours, over the passes and through the remoter valleys. Ruskin was the most illustrious of this race; the Rev. S. W. King and his wife, a young Scottish couple, were among the most likeable.

VIN ORDINAIRE ON THE SUMMIT OF MONT BLANC: Albert Smith's party, after their successful ascent, drink a series of toasts. They also had with them one bottle of champagne in order to celebrate their magnificent victory over nature.

They toured the Italian valleys of the Pennines in the '50's, arousing, like Forbes, some native suspicion; once they were taken for an eloping couple, and peasant women often sympathised with Mrs. King on being dragged up precipices by her cruel husband. For the most part she rode a mule, as did many travellers then; indeed, it is a pity the habit has died out, for it enabled the elderly or the not very strong to get far closer to Nature than they ever can by car. Her clothing was a nuisance—a long holland dress which caught on the rocks—and so was that of Mrs. Cole, who followed her a year or two later and published the anonymous *Lady's Tour of Monte Rosa*. Mrs. Cole sewed rings inside her dress, which enabled her to pull it up when walking, but it cannot have been pulled very high, for gentlemen companions complained of the stones it sent rolling down on them. These two ladies deserve to be remembered, as do Mlle d'Angeville and the Chamonix waitress who were the first women up Mont Blanc, but they were all of the tourist class. For the first real woman Alpinist, climbing for fun, we must wait till Lucy Walker astonished the Alpine world in the '60's.

The intelligent interest taken by the walking tourists in their surroundings puts our more scatty souvenir-hunting to shame. After three months of travel the Kings brought back "an accumulated collection of plants, minerals, fossils, insects, horns, skins and other matters" (what on earth did they do with it all?), and Mrs. Cole was hardly less assiduous. She also reports an encounter with one of the early Alpine photographers, an English colonel, who set up his dark-room tent on the glacier to develop each plate as it was exposed. "The apparatus is, of course, very heavy," she notes, "and requires a mule to carry it; but anyone who knows how to use it skilfully will find it a delightful companion, and speedily become very popular among his friends." It is our gain, however, that the early Alpine books were illustrated by their writers' own sketches, which have retained a vivid charm, and not by photographs, which would inevitably have dated.

This is most true of Whymper's *Scrambles Amongst the Alps*. A hundred anthologies have familiarised us with his Matterhorn story, and, indeed, it is the greatest of Alpine stories, almost Greek in its relentless march to disaster. But to get Whymper's full flavour one must read the whole book, in an edition with his own engravings. For this moody, anti-social boy (as the late Frank Smythe's sensitive biography shows him to have been) was, nevertheless, doubly an artist, who could sketch and describe his contemporaries so that we catch the very sound of their voices, and almost the sight of their Norfolk jackets whisking

GLISSADING DOWN THE SLOPES OF MONT BLANC: This was how Albert Smith and his party accomplished part of the descent, after being the twenty-eighth party to reach the summit of the great peak. "It was all capital fun," declared the ebullient Albert.

round a corner at Zermatt or the Montenvers. Here they are in the "Zermatt club room," the roadway opposite the Monte Rosa Hotel: Leslie Stephen, with his long beard and visionary eyes, dour Tyndall, handsome Kennedy, dashing Croz, the guide "after my own heart," who was to perish on the Matterhorn. Here is little Meynet the hunchback, who carried the tent to the Col du Lion, and fell on his knees in adoration before the glory of the snows: "Don't pay me anything," he pleaded next time, "only let me come with you." Even the *douanier* at the frontier is immortalised, holding up a toothbrush with an indignant "*Qu'est ce que c'est que ça?*" (One might put this down as a piece of John Bullism, were it not confirmed by the Rev. King, who in one of his Pennine valleys was shyly asked to reveal the secret whereby the English kept their teeth so clean.)

With the fall of (and, alas, from) the Matterhorn in 1865, the pioneering period of Alpine history is over. True, there are summits still to be gained. The Meije will hold out till '77, the Dru (for which Clinton Dent will wage a campaign as obsessive as Whymper's against the Matterhorn) till '78. But the mystery has gone; nobody believes any longer that any Alpine peak is inaccessible; it is only now a question of time. The young men are looking for harder ways up peaks already too well known, and soon Mummery will be dismissing as "the treadmill occupation of ascending Mont Blanc," the expedition which filled Albert Smith with ecstasy and terror.

The *morgenrot* has faded from the tops, and we are in the full silver brilliance of the Alpine morning.

TAKING MEASUREMENTS AT THE MER DE GLACE (*above*), AND A GLACIER TABLE ON THE MER DE GLACE (*on right*): These two illustrations are from Professor James Forbes' volume, *Travels Through the Alps of Savoy* (A. and C. Black), the book which first fired the enthusiasm of British Alpinists. Forbes' interest was scientific, and he transported quantities of surveying and measuring instruments across the glaciers.

THE GERMAN VIOLIN-MAKER CURT JUNG FIXING THE RIBS OF A VIOLIN IN HIS BERLIN WORKSHOP : The craftsman is surrounded with bottles of varnishes, a great array of chisels, drills and planes and by dozens of violins in various stages of completion. This workshop was founded in 1869 by the family of Jung's former master, Otto Möckel, and Jung took over the business in 1937 after serving under Möckel for many years. Jung still uses some of the workshop's original tools.

THE BIRTH OF A VIOLIN

In His Berlin Workshop the Violin-maker Curt Jung Carries On His Ancient Craft

STAGES IN THE CARVING OF A VIOLIN'S BACK : Using the stencil seen in the background, holes are drilled to specified depths in the rough piece of wood and the depth of the holes guide the craftsman's chisel.

Although Italy is generally regarded as the country which has produced the best violin-makers, many virtuosos have won their way to fame through the concert halls of Europe with German-made violins. Most German violin-makers have settled in the forest areas of Southern Germany, at the Bavarian village of Mittenwald, where the art of making many kinds of stringed instruments has been the inheritance of the villagers for generations.

Outside Mittenwald, however, there are still a few good German violin-makers, and one of these, Curt Jung, has his workshop in Berlin itself.

Curt Jung's workshop, with the traditional violin-maker's trade mark, the iron image of a violin stencil hanging over the entry, forms a striking contrast to the modern shops on the near-by Kurfürstendamm, Berlin's Broadway in the British Sector. Nothing has been changed since the workshop was founded in 1869 by the family of Jung's former master, Otto Möckel, from whom Jung took over the workshop when Möckel died in 1937, after Jung had been working under his supervision since 1925.

The entire manufacturing process of a violin is still exactly the same as employed almost 100 years ago in this little workshop, and Jung even uses some of the tools the founder began with in 1869. The little shop contains a valuable file, collected by Jung's predecessors, which consists of violin stencils and sketches, with the exact measurements of violins produced by such celebrated artists as Stradivarius, Paolo Maggini and Amati. In compliance with the needs and demands of his customers, Jung carves his instruments according to this file.

Producing a good violin is a painstaking task, requiring a tremendous effort of patience, skill, precision and long years of practice and experience. If the carving knife cuts into the wood too deep only once, due to a wrong move, the costly material is spoiled and the entire job has to be started again.

For the back and neck of a violin, Jung uses maple wood, which he imports from the forest area of the famous village of Mittenwald, in Bavaria. The older the wood, the better will be the tone of the instrument, and the more expensive will be the material.

After cutting the board to the thickness he requires, Jung cuts out the form of the violin's back, which he then makes oblique towards the sides. The violin stencil containing rows of small holes is then placed above the board. Using the holes of the stencil for direction, Jung bores holes into the wood, the depth of each hole in exact compliance with measurements contained in the particular sketch of an old master from Jung's file.

With a sharp, chisel-like tool, the wood is cut away until the bottom of the holes is reached and until the violin's back has a smooth surface and an even curve, also in exact compliance with Jung's sketch. Greater smoothness is obtained by using miniature planes. The "belly" of the violin is made of pine wood, which is carved the same way, and the neck is topped—if the customer so desires—with a fancy scroll, also hand-carved by Jung and a little masterpiece of art in itself. The instrument is then varnished and hung up to dry.

The craftsman's great moment comes when the customer arrives to try the violin for the first time. The instrument is put through the most severe trials to prove its volume and purity of tone. Curt Jung is a master of his craft, indeed, and many celebrated German violinists use his instruments to-day.

THE HANDS AND TOOLS OF A CRAFTSMAN : *On left*—Deft strokes with the chisel pare away the wood to the end of the guide-holes, producing the rough shape of the violin's back. *On right*—One of the tiny planes used in a later stage. The board could be ruined by one false move of the craftsman's hand.

THE ORNAMENTAL SCROLLS WHICH ARE FITTED TO SOME OF CURT JUNG'S VIOLINS : These delightful figures, little masterpieces in their own way, are made by the craftsman himself. The scroll of a violin houses the tuning pegs to which the strings are attached.

VARNISHED VIOLINS DRYING HIGH ABOVE THE ROOF-TOPS OF BERLIN : For the craftsman, these are finished instruments, awaiting only the fitting of strings, pegs, bridge and tailpiece. Since the 18th century no change has taken place in form of the violin.

A RIGHT ROYAL WELCOME HOME FOR THE ROYAL VISITOR TO THE FAR EAST: Her Majesty the Queen is seen welcoming the Duchess of Kent on her arrival at London Airport from Rome at the end of her eight-weeks tour of the Far East which she had made in company with her son, the Duke of Kent, who has now gone back to school in Switzerland. The Queen Mother, standing in centre, is partially hidden in this picture. On the right of the group are seen Prince Michael of Kent, Princess Margaret, Princess Alexandra of Kent, and the Duchess of Gloucester. Also on the plane was the Duke of Edinburgh, who arrived back from Malta, having joined the Duchess of Kent for the last stage of the journey when he halted at Rome.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT WELCOMED HOME

Her Royal Highness Welcomed Back After Her Far-Eastern Tour, the Queen and the Queen Mother Going to London Airport

The last eight weeks have been weeks of high adventure, and very hard work, for the Duchess of Kent and her son, and fittingly enough the Queen, the Queen Mother and other members of the Royal family welcomed the Duchess back to England on the completion of her mission of goodwill in wartorn Malaya and in Sarawak, and in perilously-placed Hong Kong. The Duchess's tour of South-East Asia has been indeed supremely successful, despite the fact that in Malaya it was carried out in conditions of intense heat and in the midst of much danger. When the Duchess arrived with the Duke of Edinburgh at London Airport the airliner taxied into a glare of floodlights and the Queen at once went aboard, emerging a few minutes later with the Duchess of Kent. After all-round greetings, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh drove to Buckingham Palace, and the Duchess of Kent drove with her son, Prince Michael, and her daughter, Princess Alexandra, to her home at Coppins, Iver. On the following day the Duchess went to Buckingham Palace.

THE END OF A FAR-EASTERN ADVENTURE: The Duchess of Kent standing between her Majesty the Queen and Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother after she had alighted from the Elizabethan airliner.

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH RETURN TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE: The Duke's visit to Malta lasted only a few days. During his stay on the island he inspected some 2,000 men of the Mediterranean Fleet aboard the carrier *Ocean*, and also presented the Queen's Colour to the Royal Marine Commandos.

C

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW ON THE SNOWBOUND COUNTRYSIDE: These pictures, together with the others on these pages, were taken at a height of 1,000 ft. during a flight over Oxfo after the first fall of snow this winter, when a wet November gave place to an icy December. *Left*—Hedgerows casting their long shadows in the Studley district, wh Bicester, in the heart of a celebrated hunting country. *Right*—This is a bend of the road between Ashendon and Westcott, in the district just to the west of Aylesbu

WINTER SPREADS HER MANTLE OVER THE HOME COUNTIES

Seasonable Pictures Taken During the Course of a Flight Across Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire

BOARSTALL TOWER LIES IN THE HILLY AND WOODED DISTRICT ON THE BORDERS OF OXFORDSHIRE AND BUCKINGHAMSHIRE: The massive gateway, with embattled turrets, is all that remains of the stronghold of the fourteenth century. It was presented to the National Trust in 1943 and is now used as a residence. Boarstall in ancient times lay within the considerable Forest of Bernwood.

A PROBLEM PICTURE FROM THE STUDLEY DISTRICT: This "race-track" have been made by a farm-cart making a tour of the field for the for the stock. Tracks can be seen leading to the spot from the

shire and Buckinghamshire
lies just to the south of
It is near Gipsy Bottom.

he snow would seem to
ose of putting down food
ered corner of the field.

WADDESDON MANOR, A STATELY HOME OF THE VICTORIAN ERA, STANDING IN ITS OWN GROUNDS NEAR THE AYLESBURY-BICESTER ROAD : Waddesdon Manor was completed by Baron de Rothschild in 1880, and the chateau-looking building, designed by a French architect, is a conspicuous object for many miles around. This was one of a group of six vast mansions in this part of the Home Counties built or owned by various branches of the Rothschild family when at the height of their influence and prosperity. Of the others Halton, Mentmore, Aston Clinton and Ascott-in-Wing are in Buckinghamshire. The sixth, Tring, is just beyond the Hertfordshire border.

On right—

MORE LONG SHADOWS IN THE STUDLEY DISTRICT : This aerial view was taken at the start of the flight made in a north-easterly direction from Studley to Waddesdon. This attractive part of the Home Counties is within comparatively easy reach of London, but it has never enjoyed the popularity among London week-enders which has befallen the southern counties, largely because of moderate communications.

UNDER THE RED SEA

Pictures Taken by Dr. Hans Hass and His Fellow Submarine Explorers

DR. HANS HASS, THE UNDERWATER EXPLORER, PHOTOGRAPHING A SCHOOL OF SMALL FISH IN THE RED SEA: Here was a world of monster rays, sharks and packs of barracudas, of vivid corals and shoals of coloured fish.

The daring submarine investigations of Dr. Hans Hass, of Vienna, are already well known through his book *Diving to Adventure*, describing his work in the Caribbean Sea. Much of his equipment used on that expedition was lost during the war, but with only two boxes containing his diving gear and cameras he turned up in Port Sudan, on the Red Sea, determined to explore the shark-infested coral reefs with which the waters there abound.

His gamble was a success, and later Dr. Hass returned with a number of assistant divers to make an underwater film, which will appear in London next month with the title *Under the Red Sea*. A book of the same title, from which the quotations on this page were taken, was recently published by Jarrolds.

Dr. Hass had already discovered that the best way to deal with sharks was to swim towards them as though you were about to attack, and with courage born of previous familiarity he was able in the Red Sea to swim right up to giant manta rays and photograph the tiny companion fish which live inside their mouths. There was beauty as well as danger—highly-coloured fish, coral grottoes and giant anemones. Another world, yet to be widely explored, lies beneath the surface of the ocean.

LEO ROHRER, ONE OF THE UNDERSEA DIVERS OF DR. HASS'S PARTY, SWIMS TOWARDS A GIANT MANTA RAY: "Like fantastic birds, they swung along through the water with regular upward and downward beats of their flippers."

EXAMINING THE HULK OF A SUNKEN STEAMER: The ship's hull and superstructure have become covered by coral growths, with brightly-coloured fish swimming among them.

A YOUNG LEOPARD SHARK—ONLY 45 FT. LONG! Fully grown, these fish are among the largest monsters of the oceans. This picture clearly shows the animal's immense mouth and the little pilot fish always to be found keeping harmonious company with these giants.

A HUGE BLUE SHARK SPEEDING ACROSS THE SEA-BED TOWARDS THE CAMERA: So impressed were the natives with Dr. Hass's courage in swimming in water infested with such brutes that he was nicknamed "Big Shark." "No other sea creature," says Dr. Hass in his book, "can compare with the shark in beauty of form and grace of movement."

TAKING A CLOSE-UP OF THE FIREFISH, OR RAINBOW PORCUPINE: This is said to be the first picture ever made of a fish hitherto only vaguely recorded. Each of the fish's quills has a poisonous tip.

THE CASI FAMILY, SOME NOTABLE RIDERS OF THE CIRCUS: Juan Casi at one time had his own family circus, but this was disbanded during the First World War and they later became identified with Hagenbeck's.

BACK-STAGE AT THE CIRCUS

Christmas is Coming and with It that Most Spectacular of Entertainments for Young and Old, which Will Soon Be Sending Visitors Flocking to Olympia, Earl's Court, and Harringay

By ANTONY HIPPISLEY COXE

(*Author of "A Seat at the Circus"*)

OF course, strictly speaking, there is no "behind the scenes" at a circus. There is no scenery. No one, for instance, pretends to be Romeo strolling about "Verona, A Public Place." There is just a 42-ft. circle of sawdust, in and over which performers actually do no more and no less than they appear to do.

If a theatregoer thought of comparing the world which lies behind the red plush of the ring curtains with the wings of a theatre, he might well expect to be disappointed. But the two cannot be compared. In the theatre one might come across such an intriguing sight as the Ghost in *Hamlet* chewing gum. In the Circus one finds no such schizophrenic spectacle; here the glamour is all the more fascinating for being work-a-day rather than make-believe.

Naturally, one makes one's way to the back of the ring doors. This is the scene which has delighted and inspired so many painters: Liberty horses ready to prance into the ring, a handful of clowns, the attendants waiting to set up the apparatus for the next act, and from time to time we may catch a glimpse of the Equestrian Director (once simply known as Ring Master), resplendent in pink coat and silk hat, who slips out between the curtains to see that all is ready.

Compared with the uniforms of the ring-boys, the sequins of the clowns and the exaggerated costumes of the augustes, the appearance of the performers, as they come to wait their turn, seems curiously out of place; for these, the stars, arrive in dressing-gowns and clogs. Underneath, one realises, there is silk and satin, tights and leotards,* spangles and gladiator's boots; but the time has not yet come for them to make their entry. Indeed, they often seem to slip into the arena with their ring costumes still covered, to test the struts and guys of their apparatus, before slipping back through the curtains, throwing off their dressing-gowns and, arms upraised in triumphal greeting, making their proper entrance.

While the artistes are working their act, their sabots lie in neat rows outside the ring doors. Even at Olympia and Harringay—and, no doubt, this year at Earl's Court, too—one can see them, reminding one of a very different type of circus: the little tenting show and the muddy path, pot-holed with puddles, which leads from the living-wagon to the Big Top. These clogs remind one that the Circus is at home anywhere—in an English meadow, on the *pavé* of Clermont-Ferrand, the steppes of Russia, the levée of New Orleans or even next the paddy-fields of China. And here at the ring doors the people of all such places congregate: English riders, French aerialists, Russian acrobats, American trainers, Chinese contortionists. . . .

The Circus is a world of its own, and, moreover, one which has already arrived at international understanding. Since a circus performance is essentially a demonstration of physical skill—a triumph of human endeavour—it needs no language for its interpretation. It is appreciated wherever there are human beings, no matter what their race, nationality, creed, sex, age group, income bracket or coding number.

Because most demonstrations of physical skill demand much practice, training for a circus career starts early, and is therefore apt to run in families. Every country has its circus dynasties, most of which are inter-related, so the Circus becomes not only international in its appeal but in its very fibre. There are Cookes in the United States related to Cookes over here. There are Pinders in Great Britain and there are Pinders in France. The French Gautiers are connected to the Gautiers in Sweden (Harold Gautier, appearing with his dogs at Olympia, was born in Holland and educated at St. John's College, Brixton). The Schumanns of Copenhagen have Swedish passports, but their grandmother was a Cooke. . . .

The Circus is a world apart, not because it is snobbish or aloof, but simply because it is always on the move and always working. If one is not performing, then as likely as not one is rehearsing. If one is not rehearsing, then one is either travelling or training one's children. Traditional training may be hard, but it makes a performer, be he acrobat or animal man, stand out like a thoroughbred in a field of cart-horses.

For the acrobats and jugglers those few moments at the back of the ring curtains, before making their entrance, are important. Acrobats must limber up, loosening their muscles by throwing a somersault or a handspring. This is the time and the place to study technique.

It was behind the ring doors at Olympia that Freddy Knie turned back the cloths of some of his Lippizan Liberty horses and showed me their brand marks. A crown signifies that the dam was descended from Mæstoso; an F. denotes the sire came from Favory's line. Mæstoso and Favory were two of the six stallions from which the present breed stems; the former was born in 1819 and the latter in 1779. Behind the ring doors is the place to pick up circus lore, from superstition (had you any idea that it was unlucky to knit in the Big Top?) to animal psychology (did you know that if a trainer is attacked, lions will gang up, but not tigers?).

It is better to talk to most artistes before their act, for however cool and calm they may look from the auditorium as they take their call, they present a very different picture as they hurry back to their dressing-rooms. One of the most suave and collected acts I have ever seen was that of Gilbert Houcke presenting his tigers. Seeing him on a cold December night, dressed as Tarzan in nothing more than a pair of leopard-skin pants, many must have thought he might freeze to death. But if you had seen him leave the ring you would have noticed his diaphragm heaving as he regained his breath and the sweat pouring off his torso. The same story can be told of the aerialists, though sometimes the effect of their exertions is less than one might suppose. Until they fell at Baltimore in 1949, the Geraldos worked at a height of 40 ft. without a safety net. For nine minutes they presented a routine which must have caused incredible nervous strain as well as muscular exertion. Yet when they climbed down from their trapeze at Harringay it was found that their pulse rate had only increased from 72 to 78, while that of an ordinary person would

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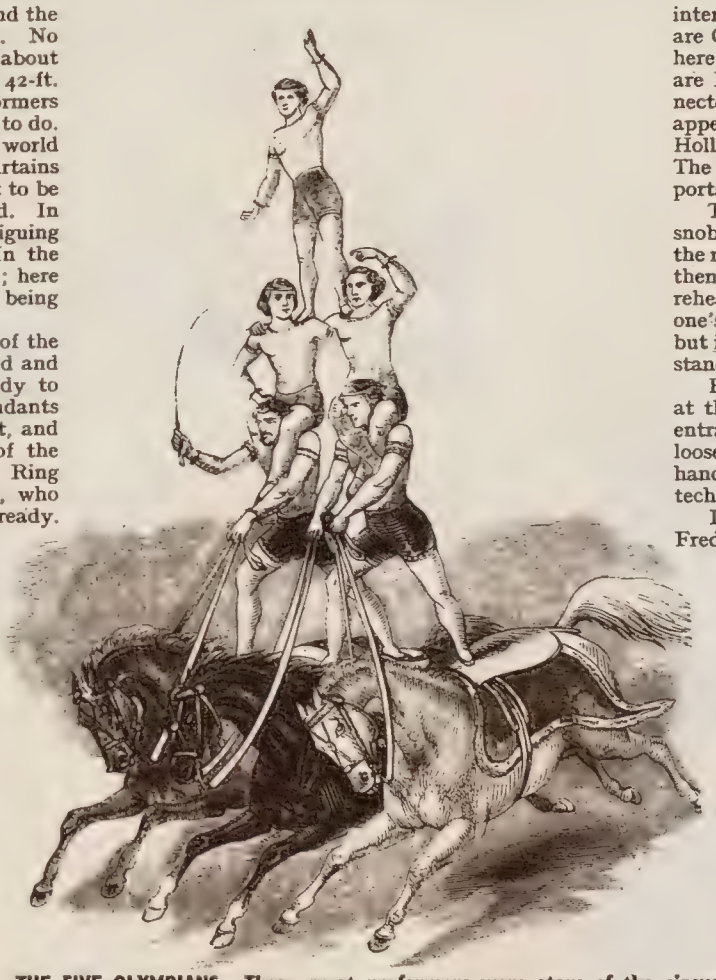
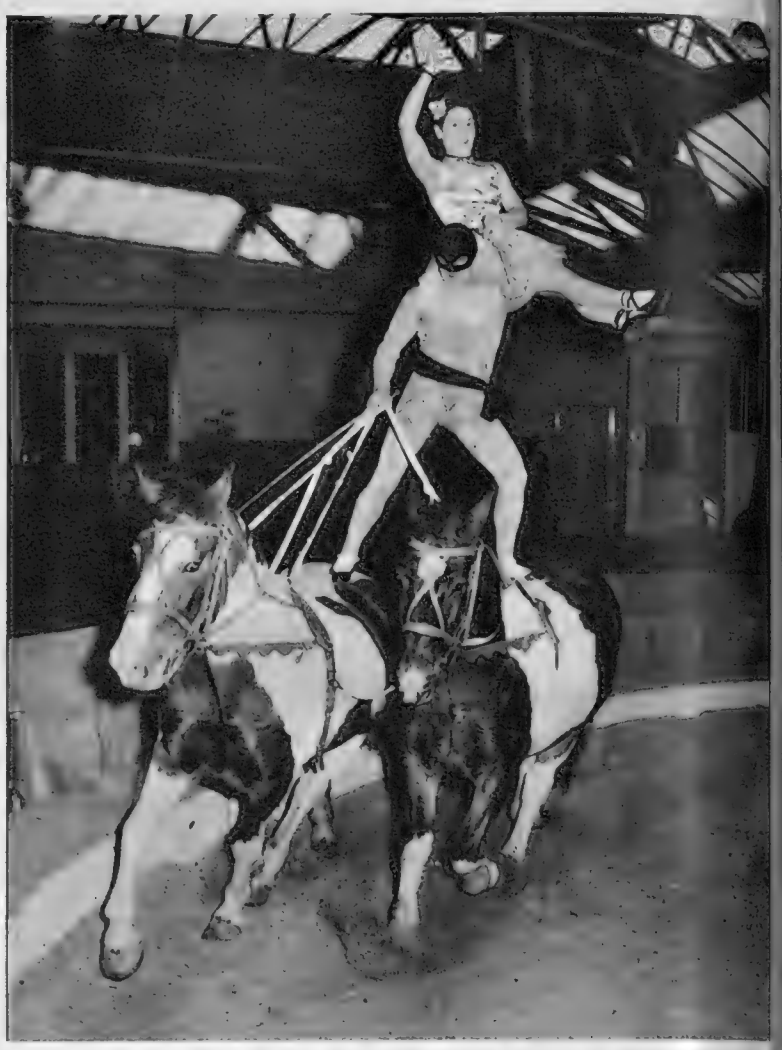


THE FIVE OLYMPIANS: These great performers were stars of the circus in the '40's of the last century, and in this drawing their performance beneath a London Big Top was recorded in a contemporary issue of *The Illustrated London News*. Such acts are still very much a part of the Christmas circus repertoire.

* Skin-tight singlets called after Leotard, the inventor of the flying trapeze.

BACK-STAGE AT THE CIRCUS

THE GENIUS OF TOULOUSE-LAUTREC AS AN INTERPRETER OF THE CIRCUS : This picture comes from a collection of circus drawings by the great French impressionist. The artist did these drawings from memory when undergoing treatment for advanced alcoholism in a Paris asylum, where he astonished all around him by his extraordinary memory for detail. Toulouse-Lautrec, the scion of a noble house, haunted the Cirque Fernando and the Nouveau Cirque in the '80's and '90's of the last century, and he was one of the most brilliant interpreters of this branch of entertainment, as he was also of the gaieties of the Moulin Rouge and of Parisian night life generally.



HARLEQUIN AND COLUMBINE REHEARSING FOR JACK HYLTON'S CIRCUS AT EARL'S COURT, ONE OF LONDON'S BIG THREE : Pat and Muriel Freeman giving a demonstration of their prowess. This equestrian act was first made popular by Andrew Ducrow in the 1830's. Pat Freeman is the son of Jimmy Freeman, better known as Pimpo, until recently the clown of the Lord George Sanger Circus run by George Sanger, a grandson of "Lord John."

DIMINUTIVES BENEATH THE BIG TOP : Leon Kryngiel and Busti, two augustes who lend their talents to the Bertram Mills Circus. Kryngiel is Polish and Busti is Danish. The latter received his training with the Mundeling Circus.

A NINETEENTH-CENTURY WONDER : Leotard, the inventor of the flying trapeze, was introduced to Paris circus-goers at the Cirque Napoleon in 1859. His act created such a furore that everything from peaches to cravats became "à la Leotard" (rather in the manner of the Pêche Melba). Leotard's success lasted ten years and was only cut short by his untimely death through smallpox contracted in Spain.

ANDREW DUCROW AS THE GOD OF FAME : Ducrow, who flourished in the 1830's, was a circus rider and showman and enjoyed success all over Europe. He ran Astleys, in London, from 1824 until it was burnt down in 1841.

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have jumped to over 100. Blood-pressure registered 160/110 compared with an average of 120/90. Reflexes were twice as quick as normal. But they were still breathing fast when they reached their dressing-room, and, like Gilbert Houcke, they took no chances of catching cold by hanging about in draughty corridors.

Dressing-rooms also belong to the world behind the scenes, but in no theatre will you find trunks and baskets with such a wide range of labels. And just as you find labels on the outside of the lid, so will you find photographs stuck on the inside ; for many an open trunk has served as a dressing-table in a tenting show. But wait, if you can, to be shown the Press-cutting Book. Here the time and space of a whole career are compressed between two covers. This is where you will find the history of the Circus—not in erudite volumes whose compilers laboriously copy other authors, and thereby perpetuate the same mistakes, but in the dressing-rooms of the performers.

Once I came across a sepia-tinted photograph taken, perhaps, some seventy years ago. On the back was scrawled "Transfield Family." One day behind the scenes at Olympia I happened to show it to one of the Stevensons who was working with a troupe of performing dogs. The effect was incredible. Before I could turn round the whole family had gathered and identified the characters : the pretty girl with the dark fringe was "Florrie, who worked as principal lady rider at Hengler's ; she married Frank, who used to 'do the jockey' ; Harry here is their son. . . . And that 's Ann Polly, who married Algy, the clown. . . ."

Principal lady rider . . . and Algy, the clown ! Isn't the whole spirit of the Victorian circus invoked in the picture that those words conjure up ? The girl, dressed in ballet skirt and tutus, sitting on the broad quarters of a rosinback, while a clown kneels at her feet, offering her a bouquet with exaggerated devotion. Times have changed. Clowns, such as the Fratellinis, have been made Officiers de la Légion d'Honneur. They have appeared at the Comédie Française ; taught at Le Vieux Colombier. They have even persuaded modern sculptors, like Alexander Calder, to design their props. But a clown's dressing-room is still the strangest place on earth : here you will find safety-pins 2 ft. long, wigs with flowers growing out of the hair, giant spiders and minute motor-cars, umbrellas without shafts, cigar-holders made out of beer-barrel spigots, wrist watches constructed from alarm clocks, violins

TOTO BRASSO WITH THE PINDER BROTHERS : The noted Spanish clown with members of the Pinder partnership, which has a great name in modern circus history. Toto Brasso made his first appearance at the age of three in a balancing act, and his son made his first appearance in the ring when only seventeen months.

"MISS LOLA AT THE CIRQUE FERNANDO," BY DEGAS : Fernando's Circus was one of the great attractions of Paris in the days of Degas. It is now called the Cirque Medrano. This picture is now in the Tate Gallery. It reveals the interesting fact that the internal decoration of this circus has hardly changed.

THE CIRCUS SCENE FROM THE RING DOORS : These pictures were taken at the Olympia Circus in the years between the wars. *Left*—The ringmaster and the auguste present a contrast in attitudes as they stand beside a flunkey watching an act in progress. *Right*—Hagenbeck's bears go into action.

that break into twenty pieces . . . a scene, in fact, that could only be equalled by a jumble sale in a lunatic asylum. In their dressing-room at the Cirque d'Hiver the Fratellinis once asked me to sign their autograph book, and there I found E. V. Lucas's inscription, "*Liberté, Egalité, Fratellinité.*"

Sometimes one finds a bar behind the scenes. At Medrano, that warm, intimate little circus in Paris, where Degas painted the picture, now in the Tate Gallery, of Miss Lola, the performers and the spectators patronise the same bar, which is to be found directly behind the ring curtains. At Schumann's Circus in Copenhagen there is a special artistes' canteen, a charming bar-restaurant, decorated with circus posters, where you can be certain of finding good food, good drinks and good friends. At Olympia, up a flight of stairs off the Fun Fair, there is a club which the performers use. At Harringay there is a restaurant where you will usually find circus people between shows. There is also a hotel off Tottenham Court Road where many of the profession stay, and across the ceiling of the restaurant you can see the footprints of the top-mounter in a head-to-head balancing act, so they say. But this is getting too far behind the scenes.

Who do I want to meet this year. First, of course, old friends such as the Schumanns, who return once more to Harringay, and for whom, it is said on the Continent, even a wooden horse will dance. It was at their Circus in Copenhagen that I last saw the Mars Troupe, and I hope to renew my acquaintanceship with them at Olympia this Christmas. Their excellent perch act is presented with style and tradition, yet always remains fresh and original. Also at Olympia is Emilio Zavatta, who comes from a long line of circus artistes and must have some fascinating stories to tell. Freddy Knie is back too ; his family, who run the National Circus of Switzerland, are said to be descended from a rope-dancer born in 1784 who had more than thirty children.

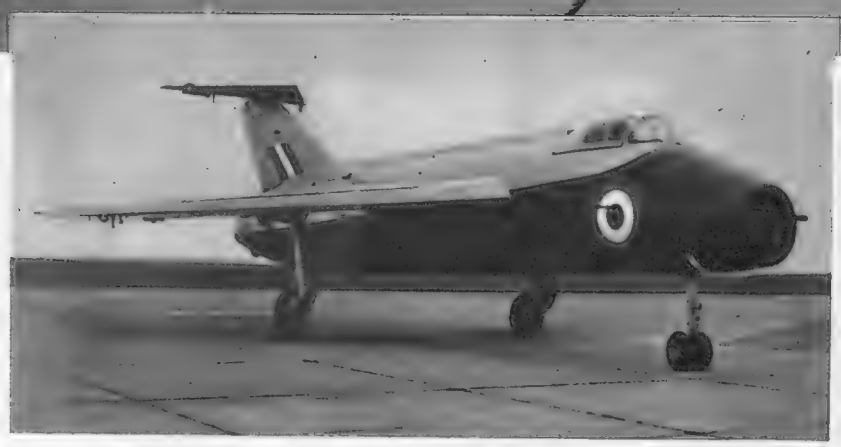
At Harringay I want to meet the Ibarras—Juan, Vincent and Ignacio. They perform on the horizontal bars, which entails some of the hardest work in the whole circus business. In the giant swing—a movement in which the outstretched body circles the bar at arms' length—the pull on the hands as the body reaches the bottom of the circle is equal to four-and-a-half times the performer's weight. And I hope I may meet Pinito del Oro, who comes from America, where she was billed as " Beautiful Star of the Flying Trapeze, with a Ballet of Sixty Lovely Lissome Lassies Aloft."

But when all is said and done one goes to the Circus, first and foremost, to watch the show, to see new acts and enjoy old favourites.

What is it that will lure us to Olympia, Harringay and Earl's Court this Christmas ? Why has the Circus inspired so many painters from Degas and Toulouse-Lautrec to Rouault and Picasso ? Why have authors from Theophile Gautier to Lady Eleanor Smith haunted the ring doors ? First, the Circus is unique because it is the spectacle of actuality, and one can walk all round it, see it from all sides, to prove there is no illusion. But there is something more than that. The Circus always has had something which is of ever-lasting appeal to both painters and writers—and that is, style.

Style is a most difficult thing to explain. I believe it was the Comte d'Orsay who said that to be *comme-il-faut* a woman must be dressed in such perfect taste that she could walk down any street in the world, from the Champs Elysées to Petticoat Lane, and not a single head would turn in her direction—*unless she had style*, in which case every head would turn.

Nowadays it is so often considered better to be smart than elegant, and the façade frequently counts more than the structure. But, as Pierre Bost once said : " In the circus one cannot build without wisdom, and a diamond can never be usurped by paste."



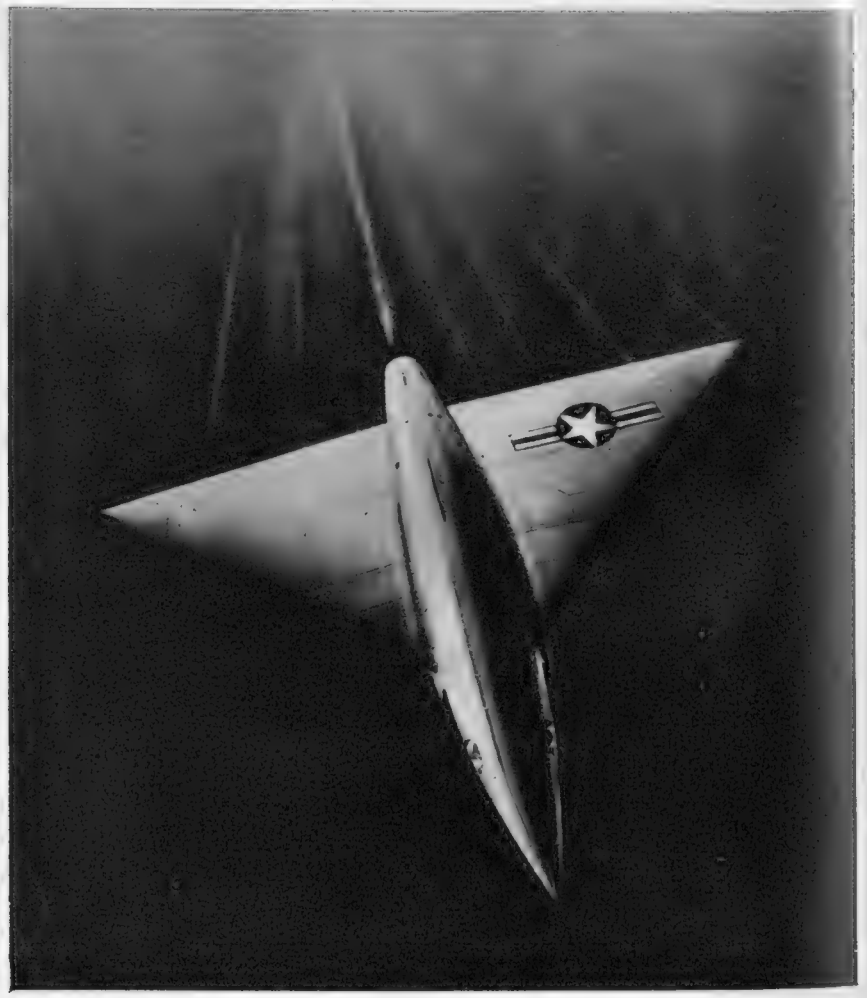
MADE IN BELFAST, FLOWN FOR THE FIRST TIME LAST WEEK AND NOW OFF THE SECRET LIST: This is the Short SB-5, Britain's latest swept-back wing research aircraft, which has just been flown at the Ministry of Supply's experimental establishment at Boscombe Down, Wilts, remaining in the air twenty minutes, with Mr. T. W. Brooke Smith at the controls. He is the chief test pilot of the makers, Short Brothers and Harland, of Belfast. *On left*—An angled view of the new machine, which has extremely thin wings adjustable to varying degrees of sweep-back for different experiments.

The firm of Short Brothers, which is the oldest-established firm of aircraft designers and producers in the United Kingdom, was founded by the brothers Eustace and Oswald Short in 1898, when they began making spherical balloons, and in 1936 they joined with Harland and Wolff, the celebrated shipbuilders, to form a new company known as Short and Harland to build aircraft in Belfast. To-day Short and Harland are under contract to produce both Canberras and Comets, while news has come to hand of the first aircraft which they have actually designed in Belfast, the very remarkable adjustable wing machine. On its first flight last week the machine was airborne for twenty minutes. Powered by a Rolls-Royce Derwent turbo-jet, the SB-5 needs only a pilot for its test flights. It is believed to be the only aircraft yet produced in Britain with a wing sweep-back of as much as 50 degs.

BELFAST'S ADJUSTABLE WING AIRCRAFT

And Two New and Remarkable Types in the United States

A MAID-OF-ALL-WORK FOR THE UNITED STATES NAVY: Making its first flight from Lockheed Aircraft Corporation's plant in the United States is the deadly new U.S. Navy P2V-6 Neptune. Powered by two turbo-compound engines, the Neptune is designed to ferret out and destroy enemy submarines. Packing a wide variety of secret armament, plus wing-tip radar and fuel tanks, the Neptune is equipped for night torpedo attacks, low-level bombing, high-altitude bombing and photo-reconnaissance over enemy territory. The P2V-6 is a development of the P2V-5, which was remarkable for its two 20-mm. cannon which were modelled in place of the previous fixed nose armament. Full details of this new version of the Neptune are not as yet available.



A VISION OF THE NOT-SO-DISTANT FUTURE: This is an artist's conception of the Convair F-102 delta-wing interceptor, which appears on the cover of the December *U.S. Air Force Magazine*. The single-seater fighter will be the U.S. Air Force's first truly supersonic interceptor. The F-102 is almost entirely automatic, with the pilot acting mainly as monitor for the electronic flight and fire-control equipment. The armament will include a guided missile.

THE RURAL SCOTTISH SCENE

Crofters "Raid" a Hebrides Farm; A New Village by the Shores of Loch Awe; Hill-walkers in Glen Tilt

THIS IS THE FARMHOUSE AT BALELONE, NORTH UIST, WHERE THE CROFTERS FROM NEAR-BY BALMARTIN CARRIED OUT THEIR "RAID" TO STAKE LAND CLAIMS IN ORDER TO ENLARGE THEIR HOLDINGS: The crofters say that their own small-holdings are too small to make a livelihood, and are demanding some of the farm land on the Balelone Estate. The land at Balelone, an 800-acre farm, is owned by Colonel Henry Cator, of Norfolk.

THREE OF THE FOUR CROFTERS CLIMB THE BALELONE FARM FENCE IN ORDER TO MAKE THEIR "TEST RAID": They are Alexander MacVicar, Roderick MacDonald and John Mackay: the other crofter involved in the "raid" was Donald MacDonald.

At the end of November four crofters of North Uist climbed the fence at Colonel Cator's farm at Balelone, the gate having been closed and locked by a solicitor escorting the men, paced out the land, staked their claims, each about an acre in size, and then returned to their own 6½-acre holdings. The action, witnessed by the island's police force (a sergeant and a constable) and other officials, was taken by the crofters in support of their plea for more land. The crofters from Balmartin claim they cannot exist on the present holdings and that they need more land if they are not to be driven from the island by want. Assisting the men in their claim is Mr. Malcolm Macmillan, M.P. for the Western Isles, who, having asked the Secretary of State for Scotland whether he had considered the repeated requests by the crofters to assist them in having their holdings enlarged from the Balelone Estate, tabled a motion in the House of Commons supporting the crofter's actions. Mr. Macmillan also asked the Secretary of State for Scotland why he had rejected the men's past requests. Mr. W. M. Snadden, Under-Secretary, replied that the request raised difficult questions of agricultural and social policy which were closely related to the remit of the Crofting Commission, and the Secretary of State proposed to defer a final decision until the Commission's report was available. The farm at Balelone has been rejected for division into crofts as the Department of Agriculture for Scotland decided that it would be better for farming efficiency to allow it to remain one unit. The crofters were warned of the risk they were taking in "raiding" Colonel Cator's land, but as Mr. Macmillan said, "They have tried every constitutional method to have their demands met, and had been driven to this pass."

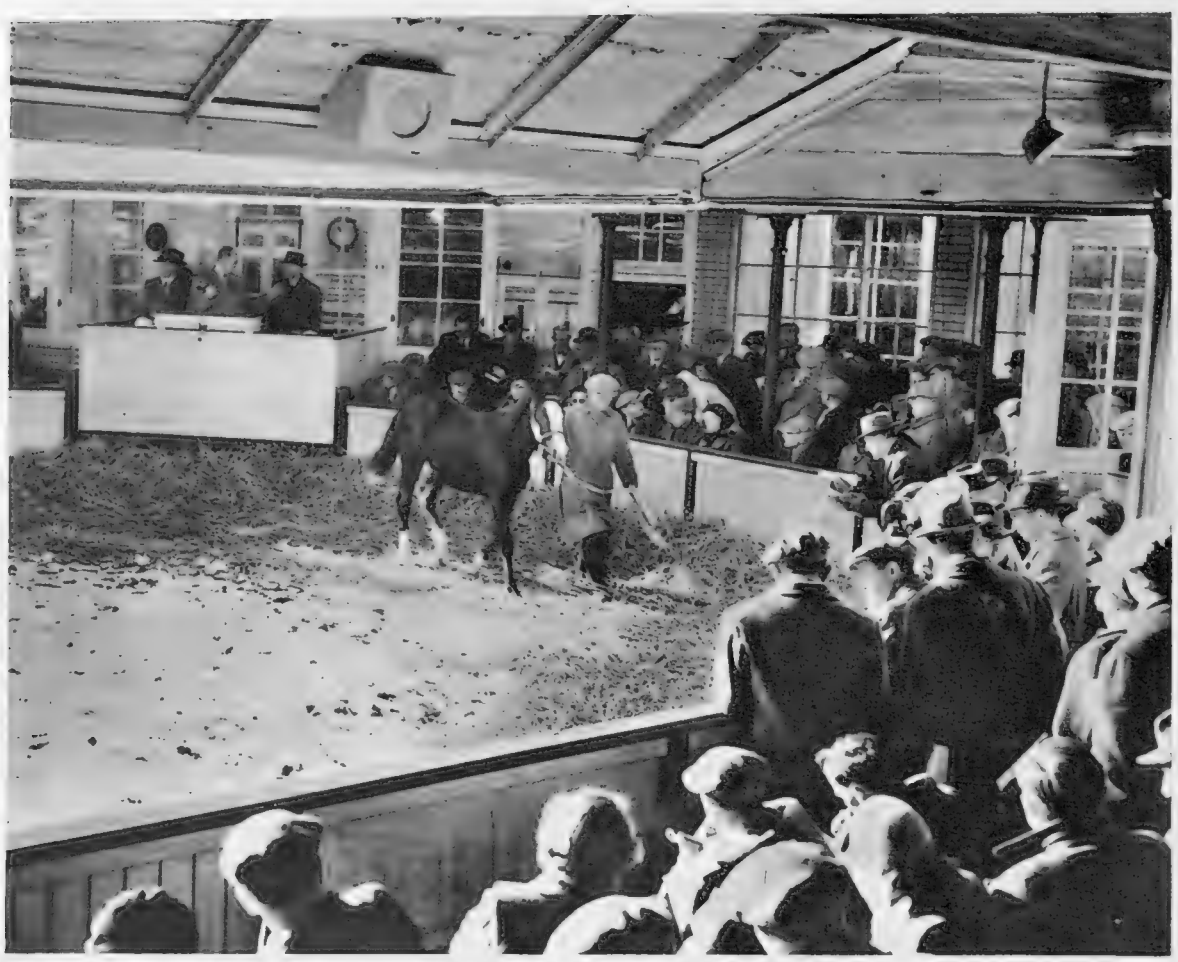
SCOTLAND'S YOUNGEST VILLAGE: This is a view of Dalavich, by the shores of Loch Awe, Argyllshire, showing some of the thirty prefabricated semi-detached Finnish houses which form the community. In two years the village has grown from three crofts, a church and schoolroom for six, to a place inhabited by some 250 people. The new prefabricated timber school accommodates between fifty and sixty schoolchildren. In charge of the modern village school is a headmistress who once taught in the wilds of Northern Canada.

A REST CENTRE FOR WALKERS IN THE SCOTTISH HILLS: Along the beautiful and sometimes desolate track through Glen Tilt, from Blair Atholl, Perthshire, to Linn o' Dee, Aberdeenshire, is the Bynack Lodge, a focal-point for hill-walkers in this part of Scotland. The lodge is situated some six miles from the Linn o' Dee, on the Aberdeen side of the valley.

On right—**LOOKING DOWN ON THE BEDFORD MEMORIAL BRIDGE IN GLEN TILT, WHERE IT CROSSES THE WATER OF TARF:** This view shows the area under a light covering of snow, and a group of hill-walkers out walking undeterred by the stark winter conditions. The 15-mile Glen derives its name from the River Tilt which runs through it, while the valley is straight and of uniform steepness. On both sides of the valley are peaks of the Grampians rising to a height of more than 3,500 ft.

DECEMBER DAYS

The Newmarket Sales; Satin for the Queen's Robe; A Model of the Coronation Route; Oxford and Cambridge Crews in Practice; and Other Home News



DIANEME, A FILLY FOAL BY NIMBUS, FACES HER PROSPECTIVE BUYERS IN THE SNOW-COVERED RING AT NEWMARKET DURING THE DECEMBER SALES: During the five days of the Newmarket Sales a wide selection of horses in training, brood mares, foals and yearlings were offered for sale. Bloodstock sold well to breeders from oversea on the second day of the Sales, and foreign buyers again dominated the scene on the third day. Prices at the Sales were not up to the standard of previous years, but it is thought that this falling off will not be altogether detrimental as those buyers who wisely refused to invest in bloodstock when prices were at their peak are now beginning to look out for bargains again.

WEAVING THE SATIN FOR THE QUEEN'S CORONATION ROBE: Seventeen-year-old Miss Gwen Curtis at work on her loom at Sudbury Silk Mills, Suffolk, weaving satin from the silk of British silk-worms for the Queen's Coronation robe. Her loom is surrounded by sixty others, and since a speck of dirt would ruin the silk, she works inside a specially constructed hut of glass and plasterboard.

ADDITIONAL WATER FOR COVENTRY FROM THE RIVER SEVERN: This picture shows the intake house on the Severn near Upton, Worcestershire, from where water is pumped two miles to the new treatment works near Bredon Hill, and from there to a reservoir supplying Coventry. Work on this new scheme has been in progress for several years.

GEOFFREY DUKE, WORLD CHAMPION MOTOR-CYCLIST, ADMIRING THE SEGRAVE TROPHY, WHICH WAS PRESENTED TO HIM AT A RECEPTION GIVEN BY THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB IN LONDON: With Mr. Duke in this picture is his wife, Pat. The trophy was presented by Sir Algernon Guinness for the "most outstanding demonstration of the possibilities of transport." In reply to the speech by Sir Algernon Guinness, Mr. Duke said that next year he would forgo the major motor-cycle events as he had accepted an offer by Aston Martin to drive their cars.

A MODEL OF THE CORONATION ROUTE UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT THE MINISTRY OF WORKS: The model, which includes the route between Westminster Abbey and Buckingham Palace, complete in every detail, is being constructed by twelve members of the Chief Architect's division of the Ministry of Works. Roads, buildings, Coronation stands and about 1,000 trees are being reproduced on a scale $\frac{1}{16}$ in. to 16 ft. The model is made of Balsa wood and hardboard and when completed will include miniatures of the Coronation street decorations which are now being planned. The model will make it easier for lay officials to understand and appreciate suggestions made by professional architects. It will be kept by the Ministry for use in planning many other ceremonial events which may take place in the future.

OXFORD V. OXFORD ON THE THAMES—THE TRIAL EIGHTS RACE OF THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY BOAT CLUB: The "A" crew (left) is seen pulling away from the "B" team to win this trial race by a little over two lengths. The trial was held under perfect conditions and fully confirmed the good impression formed during practice. The stroke and cox of "A" crew were J. S. Howes and W. D. Stone respectively, and the "B" crew were stroked by E. C. B. Hammond, with R. P. Saville as cox.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY TRIAL BOAT RACE TEAMS SEEN DURING A PRACTICE ROW ON THE RIVER CAM: Standing on the bank is the President of the Cambridge University Rowing Club, who is supervising the training of the two crews from which the Boat Race eight will be chosen later on. The trial race for the Cambridge crews was held last Saturday.

THE LAUNCHING AT GOSPORT OF A NEW TYPE OF MINESWEEPER FOR THE ROYAL NAVY: The inshore minesweeper *Altham* is seen entering the water from Camper and Nicholson's yard at Gosport during the launching last week by Lady McCall, wife of Vice-Admiral Sir Henry McCall, Flag Officer Commanding the Reserve Fleet. The Navy Estimates for the current year reveal that there are twenty-eight more of these craft in the course of construction. They are 106 ft. 6 ins. long and have a beam of 20 ft. 6 ins. They are an entirely new type, incorporating many new features resulting from lessons learned during the war. The minesweepers carry one small gun in addition to minesweeping gear. The *Altham* has been named after a village in Lancashire.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY MEETS UGANDAN CHIEFS: Mr. H. P. Nkojo, Prime Minister of Toro, introduces Mrs. P. Kisosonkole, head of the Mengo African Kindergarten, Buganda, to Dr. Fisher during a reception at Lambeth Palace when the Archbishop entertained Ugandan chiefs and leading citizens who are at present studying in Britain under the British Council's Bursary Scheme. Mrs. Kisosonkole was the only Ugandan woman at the reception. These British Council Bursaries are financed in the main by the Kabaka of Buganda and the Mukama of Toro.

MUSICIANS FROM THE SOVIET UNION TAKING THEIR BOW AT THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, LONDON: They are, from left to right, Yerochin, the accompanist, Igor Bezrodny, Stalin prize-winner violinist, and Emil Gilels, pianist and another Stalin prize-winner. The Russian delegation, which also included the composer Kabalevsky, came to this country under the auspices of the British-Soviet Friendship Society, and during a fortnight's concert and lecture tour performed in halls in Scotland, Wales and the West of England. In the Royal Albert Hall last week Kabalevsky, the composer, played some of his own work on the piano.

THE GYPSIES MOVE TO THEIR WINTER QUARTERS: A gypsy family making its way through the lonely village of Woodeaton, in Oxfordshire, which even in the barren garb of winter still retains its intrinsic beauty. With the advent of the colder weather many gypsies may be seen making their way from the open spaces to seek more sheltered resting-places in woods or in valleys.

SITTING ON A RURAL BENCH

On the Whole the Local Justice is Unwise to Read Up the Law, for He Cannot Keep Abreast of It, But Rules of Evidence and Procedure are not to be Neglected

By JOHN GORE

SOME REFLECTIONS OF A RUSTIC J.P.—Judging by occasional Press criticisms of the lay magistracy, reflection is not a habit among J.P.s. They are sometimes made out to be partial, foolish, bigoted amateurs, ignorant of the law, too vain to consult their advisers and sometimes prone to give way to prejudice or a vindictive spirit.

For my part, I reflect a good deal about the duties and routine of a country magistrate, and I believe that my colleagues do so too. And my first reflection suggests to me that those who judge the merits of a Bench from Press reports of individual cases may not obtain very reliable evidence on which to base charges of prejudice or incompetence. The man in the street may read on the same day of two defendants convicted of the same offence. One went to prison, the other received an "absolute discharge" (a modern definition which has already caused an immense amount of misunderstanding in ignorant minds). Clearly, says the man-in-the-street, here is a gross example of inconsistency—or worse. But if the critic had been present in Court, heard the evidence and coolly judged of the degree of *mens rea* and of the age and circumstances of the defendants, he would have been better placed to pronounce on the sentences. In any case, it is not to be expected that provincial newspapers can afford to employ trained lawyers to report on petty sessions in this country; and a young hand may sometimes miss the legal point as easily as he can miss the point of a chairman's favourite wisecrack.

More Jurymen than Judges.—Would a stipendiary, a trained lawyer, do the job better in rural areas? My experience on the Bench, covering twenty years, persuades me that he would not. The lay magistrates on the Bench are in their function less judges than jurymen. They rely for their law on their clerk, and on themselves for the "reasonable common sense" of ordinary business men. Time and again I have heard a rustic witness dry up and become stubborn under the interrogation of a trained cross-examiner. The sleuth methods make him obstinate, the legal jargon fuddles his brain. It is seldom that a trained lawyer on the Bench can get as much of the truth out of a rustic witness as can a sympathetic layman speaking in the language of the village.

On the whole, the country J.P. is unwise to mug up the law. He will never keep abreast of it, and a little knowledge of the law is nowhere more dangerous than on the Bench. There are two exceptions: a magistrate, or at any rate the chairman, should study, and gain the widest experience in, the rules of evidence and court procedure. This knowledge enables him to conduct his proceedings with dignity and despatch, and often enough to check, before it is too late, the damage which can be done by inadmissible (or hearsay) evidence. The rules of evidence in any court of law are by no means "obvious." Not a large percentage of male and only a small percentage of women magistrates have much inkling of them. Many of them find it hard to accept that often a patently guilty defendant is rightly acquitted (to the greater glory of our legal system) because the evidence presented against him is insufficient completely to liquidate the "reasonable doubt" as to his guilt. It is hard for some of them to divorce the accused from all their own local knowledge of him, his family and his reputation; yes, and from his personal appearance also. That is harder, no doubt, in rural than in urban areas. In the former, most of the defendants are known in some sort to one or more of the magistrates. But justice can never be perfectly done if the Bench cannot regard every defendant as anonymous, a mere number on a list.

A Happy Ship?—Is a magistrate's "life a happy one"? It depends. Where the Bench are a happy family, where relations with the police and court officials are harmonious, much of the boredom and drabness and sameness, the tedious procedure which often seems a waste of time, is made endurable and even cheerful. But the work is harder and, I think, duller and more difficult than it was, and the appointment must be anything but enviable on a Bench where political suspicions, local jealousies and quarrels simmer always and sometimes break out.

Some of the new rules for election of chairmen and selection of magistrates which have been put into force since 1945 suggest that not all Benches are happy families, and that politics, local or otherwise, do sometimes mar the harmony and affect the impartiality of justices. Where that is the case, the job of a lay justice is one to fly from and avoid at all costs.

For the rest, it is an experience not wholly disillusioning. It is sad enough to observe and to learn the causes of so much juvenile delinquency; it is hard to choose an appropriate remedy in these days of transition when so many modern remedies are still "on paper." But there are causes for comfort and pride, not least in the "decency" of so many of the accused, in the humanity and fairness of the police and advocates and in the noble service to those in trouble daily performed, quite inconspicuously, by the probation and welfare officers, male and female. The average complement of a petty sessional court contains a larger percentage of decency and nobility than of vice and meanness. It may not be heaven, it certainly is not. But it is a little nearer heaven than hell. And one last reflection. It does not take long for a new magistrate to discover the prime causes of rural misdemeanour.

Innate viciousness and criminal tendencies are very low in the list, a large majority of the offences being quickly and easily detected by their sheer clumsiness. Folly, stupidity, lack of ideals due to lack of leadership and education stand high. Unsuitable homes and home life are major causes, combined with crass ignorance of the right use of leisure, an acute shortage of many necessities and minor luxuries, and the spirit of indiscipline which, with the breakdown of moral and religious standards, invariably follows world wars. There is then no room on the rural bench for a Judge Jeffreys. Pity and sympathy must each take a hand of blind Justice and help her stumbling along the road to a right judgment in all things. For to-day it is not the community alone which needs protection against crimes and misdemeanours, it is the offenders themselves; and their effective protection affords the surest means of protecting the community.

Two Aspects of "Protection."—But the community's protection must not be forgotten in the effective protection against themselves of criminals young and old. In all our reactions we are inclined to swing too far from the other or "bad old" extreme. We rightly and completely revolted against the cruel, shortsighted and vindictive "justice" of early Victorian days, but our reaction was seen at its most absurd and extreme in the rules and regulations required for the *earliest* stages of juvenile courts procedure. From it was deleted every aspect of authority, awe and majesty of the law likely to influence and deter the juvenile offender. The police at first appeared in mufti in the role of good-natured uncles, and elderly spinsters must coo and cluck over the young rascals. And the young rascals enjoyed their hour of publicity, laughed in their sleeves and went back to boast among their playmates of having diddled the law and got off with a sermon. And then, long before it was fit to function with its new remedies, the Criminal Justice Act came into operation with its new curative and psycho-analytic terminology, offering treatments and hospitals for delinquency before the foundations were laid. And to-day, when a wave of crimes of violence, in which juveniles play a monstrous part, is acknowledged by all but cranks, the older prisons are filled to bursting and judges and magistrates find their hands tied. Their only remedy is to impose longer sentences on young criminals and so crowd still further the overcrowded, understaffed gaols, mixing sometimes young offenders with old lags. The very extremity of the reaction against blind and vindictive punishment has forced them back to those very evils which they detest.

Corporal Punishment?—A majority of the judges and magistrates, who must surely obtain the clearest view of the state of the nation as regards crime and juvenile delinquency, believe that the reintroduction of birching at their discretion in crimes of peculiar violence, especially by young persons, would often deter many offenders and certainly avoid the necessity for long prison sentences. It is difficult for a rustic magistrate, who himself sees a good deal of the vanity and ruthlessness of young criminals, to dissent. It is not suggested that such discretion should be vested in any magistrate below the grade of chairmen of quarter sessions. Petty sessional benches already have a power, which could be extended, to send up convicted defendants for sentence to quarter sessions. I am glad to learn that the Magistrates' Association is now to obtain by a referendum a majority opinion from its members. We certainly have no other body with which to voice our opinions on matters which concern us. But that responsible body is not yet representative of our Benches, nor fully cognizant of our opinions. On the contrary, its membership to-day is less than half the total lay magistracy, and once or twice in the past it has seemed to me to voice on our behalf the unalterable views of men and women who fanatically embrace the extremes of the reaction and are so besotted with "humanitarianism" that they have forgotten that there are two sides even to that, and that the victim of violence deserves protection no less than the aggressor. But I am far from advocating any panic measures. I suggest no more than that the question should be gone into at once by the best brains available, and that opinions should be sought from every magistrate, high and humble, so that the majority verdict may be beyond doubt.

THE PRIMATE OF ALL ENGLAND EXPOUNDS ON LOYALTY AT THE DINNER OF THE ROYAL SCOTTISH CORPORATION

DR. FISHER SITS BETWEEN THE COUNTESS OF DUNMORE AND THE COUNTESS OF PERTH: The Archbishop of Canterbury at the 287th anniversary dinner of the Royal Scottish Corporation at Grosvenor House, London, where he was the principal guest. In his speech the Archbishop said: "The Scots are a patriotic people and in their society local patriotism is honoured and freely expressed. Patriotism begins in the home. Loyalties are good, but it is important to get them right, as they can be very limiting and even factious, with a lack of capacity to forget a grievance. One of the virtues of the English race is an astonishing capacity to forget and not to harbour grievances."

THE QUEEN WITH HER PRIME MINISTERS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: The occasion was a dinner given by Her Majesty for Ministers attending the Commonwealth Economic Conference and their wives. Although not a State banquet, this was the first big official dinner-party at which the Queen had presided at the Palace since her accession. In the group are (left to right): Mr. Senanayake (Ceylon), Sir Godfrey Huggins (Southern Rhodesia), Mr. Holland (New Zealand), Mr. Churchill, the Queen, Mr. Menzies (Australia), Mr. St. Laurent (Canada), Mr. Havenga (Minister of Finance, Union of South Africa), Khwaja Nazimuddin (Pakistan), and Sir C. D. Deshmukh (Minister of Finance, India). The sixty-six guests included members of the Government and the Commonwealth High Commissioners. Members of the Royal Family present were the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Princess Alice, and the Earl and Countess of Athlone.

SEVEN PREMIERS MEET THE QUEEN

A ROYAL VISIT TO THE BANK

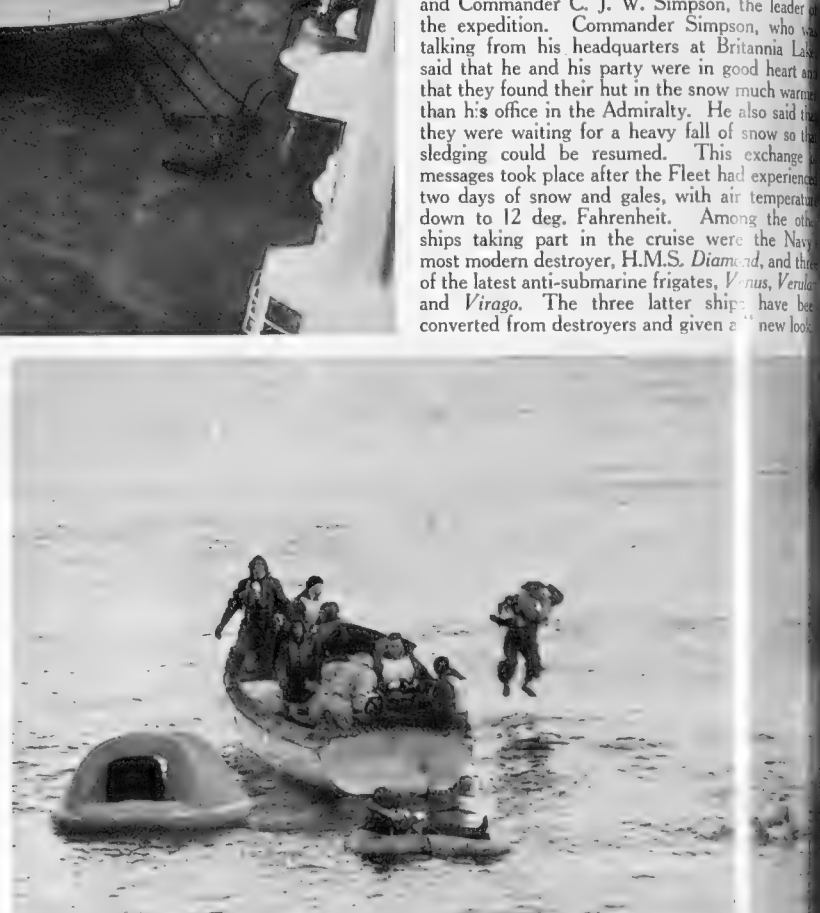
THE QUEEN ADDRESSES THE STAFF OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND FROM THE BALCONY OVERLOOKING THE GARDEN COURT: Her Majesty, with the Governor of the Bank standing on her right hand and the Duke of Edinburgh on her left hand, making her speech to 1,600 members of the staff who assembled to hear her after she had taken lunch with the Governor and the directors. The Queen told her hearers that this was not her first visit to the Bank, and she recalled having paid a visit there in her childhood with her grandmother Queen Mary, when, "as all children are, I was fascinated by the sight of so much gold." *On left*—The Queen being greeted at the entrance to the Bank by Mr. C. F. Cobbold, the Governor.

WITH THE HOME FLEET IN THE ARCTIC

A Series of Pictures Taken During the Autumn Cruise, when the Home Fleet Exercised off Greenland, and Various New Types of Protective Clothing Were Given Exhaustive Tests

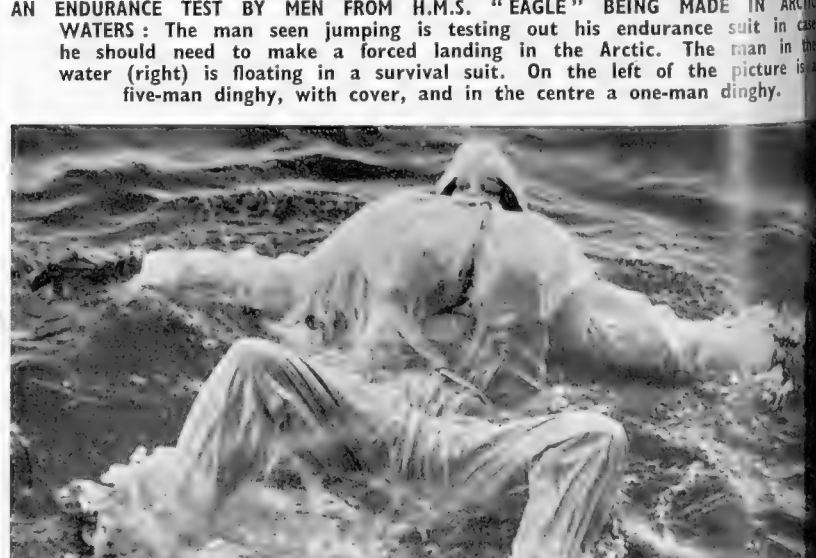
In two days' time the Home Fleet will begin Christmas leave. Last week the Fleet, led by H.M.S. *Vanguard*, flagship of Admiral Sir George Creasy, the C.-in-C., returned to Britain following an autumn cruise in Arctic waters, where aircrews of the aircraft-carrier *Eagle* carried out extensive tests of protective clothing in severe weather conditions. As the Home Fleet, in company, approached the Ice Barrier off the east coast of Greenland, about 900 miles north of John-o'-Groats, H.M.S. *Vanguard* made radio contact with the British North Greenland Expedition and messages were exchanged between Admiral Creasy and Commander C. J. W. Simpson, the leader of the expedition. Commander Simpson, who was talking from his headquarters at Britannia Lake, said that he and his party were in good heart and that they found their hut in the snow much warmer than his office in the Admiralty. He also said that they were waiting for a heavy fall of snow so that sledging could be resumed. This exchange of messages took place after the Fleet had experienced two days of snow and gales, with air temperatures down to 12 deg. Fahrenheit. Among the other ships taking part in the cruise were the Navy's most modern destroyer, H.M.S. *Diamond*, and three of the latest anti-submarine frigates, *Venus*, *Verulam* and *Virago*. The three latter ships have been converted from destroyers and given a "new look."

A CRASH-LANDING ON THE NEW AND POWERFUL AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "EAGLE," WHICH HAS LATELY BEEN CRUISING WITH OTHER UNITS OF THE HOME FLEET IN ARCTIC WATERS: The Firebrand aircraft was unable to lower its wheels, the pilot, who is seen jumping from the plane, being forced to belly-land on the flight-deck. The purpose of the Home Fleet's autumn cruise in Arctic waters was to give officers and ratings experience of operations in severe weather conditions and to test various new types of protective clothing, equipment and communications.



AN ENDURANCE TEST BY MEN FROM H.M.S. "EAGLE" BEING MADE IN ARCTIC WATERS: The man seen jumping is testing out his endurance suit in case he should need to make a forced landing in the Arctic. The man in the water (right) is floating in a survival suit. On the left of the picture is a five-man dinghy, with cover, and in the centre a one-man dinghy.

AIRCRAFT IN FORMATION FLYING OVER H.M.S. "VIRAGO": In the background of this picture are Icelandic peaks. *Virago* was one of the destroyers recently converted into anti-submarine frigates, accompanying the Home Fleet on the cruise.



TRYING OUT AN EXPERIMENTAL SURVIVOR'S SUIT: Mr. Malcolm Compston, an Admiralty "Boffin," floats on his back in the icy waters of the Arctic during the tests of the new clothing, affording protection from both water and weather.

ENTY DEGREES OF FROST WAS REGISTERED AT THE TIME OF THIS OPERATION : Members of the *Eagle's* ship's company clearing the carrier's flight-deck of snow during an Arctic snowstorm.

A JET ATTACKER AIRCRAFT IS CATAPULTED OFF "EAGLE'S" FLIGHT-DECK : On the right is part of the island, the ship's nerve-centre from which operations are directed.

CONTRASTS IN WEATHER AT SEA : Aircraft are seen lined up on the flight-deck of the *Eagle* as the carrier steamed through a calm sea. *On left*—Men of the snow-covered *Virago* hauling in a line from the *Eagle* during a transfer of food and supplies. This operation took place during a period of heavy icing and rough seas, when cooking on board the 1,710-ton *Virago* was rendered an almost impossibility.

IN PADDED SUITS : These three ...its are capable of keeping the men ...rm in the most severe weather.

...NG THE PLUNGE FOR AN ARCTIC ...P : Mr. Malcolm Compston, dressed ... his one-piece garment worn over ... standard life-jacket, leaps into the ...ter from the deck of the *Eagle*.

WORKING IN TWILIGHT AND DRESSED IN THE NEW PROTECTIVE CLOTHING, MEMBERS OF THE "EAGLE'S" SHIP'S COMPANY CHIP AWAY ICE AND SNOW FROM THE FLIGHT-DECK : The 36,800-ton carrier was accepted into the Royal Naval Service on March 1 of this year. A comprehensive system of flood-lighting makes possible the operation of jet aircraft by night as well as by day.

THE CARS AND THE COVENANT

The Reduction of the Covenant Period From Two Years to One, and the "Declaration" Scheme Now Disappears Altogether

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

THINGS are happening so quickly in the motor trade that there is a danger of the news we write about to-day being out-of-date by to-morrow! At the moment, the big news is the reduction of the covenant period from two years to one, and the abolition of the "declaration" scheme.

These things had to happen, of course, sooner or later. The covenant scheme was introduced to prevent black marketeering in new and small-mileage used cars. Now that more cars are coming on to the home market and the second-hand prices of all but the least expensive cars have fallen below the showroom prices, the need for a restriction on re-sale has almost disappeared.

A continuation of the two-year ban on resale would certainly have been unrealistic. Indeed, the covenant scheme may disappear altogether in a month or two unless export prospects for the spring improve, as the industry—and the Government—are fervently hoping.

Only fourteen British cars remain in covenant at the time of writing: Austin A30 and A40; Ford Anglia, Prefect, Consul and Zephyr; Hillman Minx; Morris Minor and Oxford; Singer Roadster (which is export-only, anyway); and Vauxhall Wyvern and Velox.

There are, of course, a number of different versions of some of these models. Take the A40, for example. There you have a fixed-head saloon, a sliding-head saloon (one of the few still available), convertible and sports models—and the "Countryman" estate car. According to my records, the most expensive of the cars still covered by the covenant scheme is the Ford Zephyr convertible at £1,054. The Dagenham firm can also claim the cheapest: the Anglia at £489.

It was not surprising that the declaration scheme should go altogether when they halved the covenant period. This was introduced as recently as May 1, 1952, to help plug certain loopholes which even the carefully-devised covenant scheme had failed to close. Intending purchasers of new cars have had to make a declaration of need and state whether or not they had already taken delivery of a post-war car or cars.

When the covenant first came in on August 15, 1946, the period of restraint was only six months. It was increased to twelve months in March, 1947, and doubled again—to two years—in December, 1950.

In a joint statement when the latest move was announced, the Society of Motor Manufacturers, the British and Scottish Motor Trade Associations and the Motor Agents' Association said: "By this action the industry has taken another step—following the complete withdrawal of numerous models from the covenant scheme during the past few months—to fulfil its oft-repeated promise to abolish the scheme as soon as its retention is no longer necessary to protect the motoring public from the activities of speculators."

Cutting back the covenant period to twelve months will probably have two immediate results. It should create more new-car customers among motorists who suddenly find themselves freed of covenant restriction at a time when they thought they must wait anything up to twelve months before they could sell their present car and buy a new one.

The other effect of the covenant change stems from the one I have just mentioned. With more low-mileage used cars coming on to the market the general level of second-hand prices may fall still further.

I see, by the way, that the motor trade is getting worried about this question of second-hand car prices. And they are already taking steps to prevent dealers giving extravagant prices for the used cars they take in part exchange for new ones. When a dealer makes an inflated allowance for an old car in a deal of this kind he is, in effect, giving his customer a special discount on the price of the new car he has sold him.

The trade regards this as price-cutting at its worst, and is out to do all it can to stop it. The humble motorist, who naturally wants to get the best possible price for his old car, is inclined to get hot and bothered when he hears of these trade moves to stop undercutting, but if he is honest he will admit that the dealers who are prepared to give a fictitious price for an old part-exchange car are not usually the dealers who care much about after-sales customer service, and things of that kind.

Just how seriously the trade feels on this subject is shown by the fact that the British Motor Trade Association has written to all members stating: "Whatever may be the system ultimately introduced to control allowances for used cars accepted in part exchange for new ones, it can only be effective and accurate if it is backed up by adequate statistics on used car values.

"It has therefore been decided to start at once collecting and recording the retail sale prices of used cars." The circular goes on to state that forms will be distributed without delay, so that all distributors and dealers can keep the Association fully informed on this matter. The letter adds: "In your own interest please co-operate to the full in this first post-war step designed to ensure that we do not drift back to the bad old days of uneconomic part exchanges."

I was particularly interested in the reference to the Association's obvious intention to work out a scheme to "control allowances for used cars." Things are certainly getting back to normal in the motor trade!

Now what about purchase tax? That, of course, is the big talking point to-day among motorists everywhere. Next to export sales, it is the biggest single factor influencing the home car market to-day. It is making many potential new-car buyers "wait and see." Will the Government cut the wicked tax—or won't they? Of any two motorists you meet, one is convinced the tax will be cut (perhaps to 33⅓ per cent.), the other that the Chancellor won't touch it. Each gives equally convincing reasons. Only time can tell who is right.

Leaders in Britain's motor industry are certainly putting up a bonny fight to get the tax eased. Mr. Leonard Lord, Austin chief, set the pattern during the Motor Show, and he has now been followed by Mr. Henry Spurrier, speaking with all the weight that goes with the presidency of the Society of Motor Manufacturers, and by Mr. William Lyons, head of Jaguar Cars Limited.

Both these gentlemen used as their platform, in demanding the total abolition of the tax, the memorable lunch held at Coventry to celebrate the transfer of the Jaguar factory from Foleshill to the old Daimler plant three miles away on the north-west outskirts of the city.

The move has been completed in eighteen months and Mr. Lyons was able to announce that the transfer was effected without any loss in production. "On the contrary," he said, "it has increased considerably."

Bill Lyons is a remarkable man. Twenty-seven years ago he was building Swallow sidecars in a little workshop at Blackpool. To-day he controls a modern factory occupying 1,000,000 sq. ft., employs 4,000 workpeople and makes 250 cars a week.

His firm is a big dollar-earner: 60 per cent. of its business is with America. And he said at his celebration lunch: "It is a highly competitive market, but I believe we can retain and even considerably expand our business there. It will be impossible to do that unless we remain competitive and we may soon be faced with the need for price reductions."

In four years Jaguar production has risen 118 per cent. In 1938 exports were less than 10 per cent. of production. In 1951—and in 1952 to date—the figure had risen to 84 per cent.

SOLVING A PARKING PROBLEM WITH A NEW USE FOR THE SPARE WHEEL: This idea is being shown in Detroit, U.S.A., to car manufacturers. The spare wheel is lowered from its vertical position in the body by hydraulic cylinders and it acts as a jack to raise the rear of the car from the ground. Then a chain-drive powered from the drive-shaft turns the wheel so that the rear of the car can be swung around in either direction. Mr. Brooks Walker, of Piedmont, California, who designed the apparatus, says that it would cost 175 dollars.

A TURNTABLE FOR CARS IN BISHOPSGATE, LONDON: This turntable, installed in St. Helen's Place for the use of members of the Leathersellers' Company, has recently been renovated and is now being used by City motorists. By noon every day the 150-yard-long cul-de-sac is usually lined with cars, and formerly anyone wishing to get a car out had to wait for movements elsewhere along the line. The turntable now in use is 18 ft. in diameter and runs on rollers.

And now, a quick round-up of the rest of the news. . . .

Roads: Mr. R. Gresham Cooke, Director of the Society of Motor Manufacturers, made a new approach to the subject of traffic congestion and road dangers when speaking in Glasgow.

After declaring that public apathy on this subject was shameful, he said: "I am particularly sorry for the people in these towns: Doncaster, Retford and Stamford (for carrying the traffic of the Great North Road through their streets); St. Albans, Markyate and Dunstable (for having to take the heavy industrial traffic of the Midlands); and Rochester and Maidstone (for being crowded with coastal traffic for six months of the year)."

Mr. Cooke added: "Seventy per cent. of all goods go by road. Roads are the conveyor belts of industry. Yet out of £340,000,000 of motor taxation, the Government puts back only £33,000,000 into roads."

Research: At the Motor Industry Research Association lunch at the Dorchester there was news of the big developments going on at M.I.R.A.'s £500,000 proving ground at Lindley, near Nuneaton. Sir Reginald Rootes (president) said that by next summer new laboratories would be available as well as the high-speed track now under construction.

This test track is extremely important. Sustained speeds of 100 miles an hour will be possible on it. The industry has long been handicapped by the lack of these facilities. It probably cost Britain the twenty-four-hours race at Le Mans this year.

Car Tax: The Ministry of Transport has reminded motorists that from January 1 private cars will be taxed at the new rates, and because the changes apply to most of Britain's 2,500,000 cars, owners will not on this occasion be able to renew their licences at a Post Office.

Most cars, irrespective of when they were first registered, will come under the new flat rate tax of £12 10s. a year. The main exceptions are cars up to 6 h.p. registered before January 1, 1947, £9; and cars of between 6 and 7 h.p. first taxed before January 1, 1947, £10 10s.

Drink: A report from Berne, Switzerland, speaks of a new-style "get you home" service offered to motorists by garage proprietors there. If you have dined too well and feel it would not be wise to drive your car home yourself, you simply call the telephone exchange, which gets on to one of the garages to arrange to have you "collected."

THE DEVASTATED AREA AT THE AFRICAN TOWNSHIP OF ALBERTYNESVILLE, WHERE AT LEAST TWENTY PEOPLE WERE KILLED AND MANY HUNDREDS INJURED IN A TORNADO: Most of the Albertynesville houses were mere shacks either of mud-bricks or of tin and many of their occupants were buried under piles of rubble.

TORNADO DAMAGE IN SOUTH AFRICA

Tin and Mud-Brick Huts at Albertynesville, near Johannesburg, are Flattened in a Great Storm

The United Kingdom has not been alone in experiencing freak weather during the past weeks. In South Africa considerable damage has been done by hailstorms, floods and lightning, and December opened with a devastating tornado which tore the heart out of the little shanty town of Albertynesville, which lies about 20 miles from Johannesburg.

Eye-witnesses said that the first indication the 5,000 people in the town had of approaching disaster was a far-off whirling sound, and then suddenly the flimsy huts and shanties were flattened as though by an atomic bomb. Panic-stricken Africans dashed into the streets but many were injured by flying debris and by the great wind itself, which flung some of them into the air.

The South African broadcasting system sent out an appeal for blood donors, doctors and nurses, and there was a response of overwhelming generosity. One big Johannesburg department store telephoned an offer of "any kind of food and as much of it as you want," and there were many gifts of money and food from private citizens.

THE WRECKAGE OF AFRICAN HOMES AT ALBERTYNESVILLE AFTER THE GREAT TORNADO: Women frantically searched for their children by torchlight in this hideous jumble of tin roofs, bricks and flimsy wooden walls.

RESCUE WORKERS SEARCHING AMONG THE DEBRIS OF BRICK DWELLINGS AFTER THE STORM: Roofs were whirled off, telephone poles sucked from the ground and people carried through the air. The Mayor of Johannesburg opened a relief fund. Butchers and bakers offered meat and bread for the stricken survivors, and the policy of Apartheid was quite forgotten as private cars were used as ambulances and volunteers of all colours offered their blood at a transfusion centre.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

BOOKS FOR HOLIDAY READING

Peter Fleming Recalls "A Forgotten Journey"; An Analysis of the Hitlerian Tyranny; An American Quaker in Japan

MR. PETER FLEMING recalls A FORGOTTEN JOURNEY (Hart-Davis. 10s. 6d.) which he made in 1934, and of which he kept a diary, now published and supplemented with the superb photographs which one has come to expect from him. The places through which he passed in the six-months trek between Moscow and Mukden were difficult enough of access nearly twenty years ago: now most of them are completely out of bounds, but they are described here, laconically or at length and always with the sharp eye and easy manner of the born travelling reporter.

HITLER: *A Study in Tyranny* (Odhams. 25s.) is an impressive tome of nearly 800 pages by the historian, Mr. Alan Bullock, whose object in giving this study of Hitler's life from birth to death has not been either a study of government and society under the Nazi regime, or the theme of dictatorship, but the dictator himself, and the personal power of one man.

Mrs. Dymia Hsiung describes FLOWERING EXILE (Peter Davies. 15s.) as an autobiographical excursion, and I can add that it is an excursion taken in the most pleasant of circumstances. The wife of S. I. Hsiung, who wrote *Lady Precious Stream*, the author appears to share his sense of fun and his delicacy of expression.

Mrs. Elizabeth Gray Vining is an American Quaker who was asked in 1946, greatly to her surprise, to go to Japan as tutor in English to the young Crown Prince, where she was to stay four years. WINDOWS FOR THE CROWN PRINCE (Michael Joseph. 15s.) is her own story of that assignment, told with a natural modesty, with insight into an unusual problem and with the warmth of one to whom teaching is a living vocation.

THE ANATHEMATA (Faber and Faber. 25s.), by Mr. David Jones, is original in concept, form and language, either prose or poetry as your own choice makes it, and in glimpses, rewarding. It is also an exercise in intellectual agility and for that, as for many of its images, we should be grateful.

Mr. Ian Hamilton has written the inside story of the "disappearance" of the Coronation Stone, a task for which he is peculiarly suited, since he was the ringleader in the exploit. The title, planned evidently with the same taste as the rest of the business, is NO STONE UNTURNED (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.).

The following novels are all worth noting for your book list. AN EPITAPH FOR LOVE (Macmillan. 11s. 6d.) is Mr. Howard Clewes' new novel, and it is rich in plot, in character and a little too rich, even, in political implications, or rather, in the war that a man's conscience might wage with political faiths. On the whole, though, it makes very good reading indeed, and there is a blessed lack of fatuity about the dialogue which I appreciated.

GIANT (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) is Miss Edna Ferber's story of Texas, which may very possibly not be enjoyed very much in the Lone Star State—in fact, I don't see how it could be—but which I recommend to you as first-rate fiction by a story-teller who knows her profession backwards, forwards and through and through. All of which means that this is first-rate reading and, as far as I was concerned, very nearly non-stop reading. And I can't say fairer than that.

CANDLES FOR THÉRÈSE (Cassell. 10s. 6d.) is quieter stuff altogether, although it is by no means an invertebrate among novels. I. A. R. Wylie writes of a remote French village, ruinous and rather menacing, to which comes a young artist, looking for the wartime betrayers of his brother. The atmosphere is very well done indeed and, as ever, this writer avoids the mistake of using cardboard even for the most minor of her characters.

The stories in M. Daniele Vare's GAY MELODY (Methuen. 15s.) are linked and were written, we are told, to please an early lady love and, years later, her daughter. They also describe a love-affair which repeated itself in two generations. Pleasant, evocative stuff, but sometimes not quite evocative enough. The "21" restaurant in New York, for instance, is not between Fifth Avenue and Madison.

HOLD BACK THE NIGHT (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.) is a story of American soldiers fighting in Korea, and is told in a very different mood but with the same crispness as the author's *Mr. Adam*. Mr. Pat Frank's novel is fast-moving and not too tough, with emotion in its telling but no sentimentality.

Mary Ann Gibbs has written an Edwardian trifle in A BIT OF A BOUNDER (Peter Davies. 11s. 6d.) which will amuse the old and nostalgic and entertain the younger and not-so-nostalgic. The setting is a cathedral town, the occasion the Bishop's garden-party, and with this scenery and the necessary "props" of sweethearts, countesses and housekeepers, the author has had some quiet but effective fun.

A CLINIC FOR BOOKS: Volumes rescued from the ruins of Monte Cassino Monastery standing on end in a gas chamber for disinfection before undergoing renovation. The formidable task of restoring the rescued books is now being carried on at the Institute Patologia Del Libri in Rome, and shelves there are piled high with torn, partially-burnt books which before the bombing in 1944 were the pride of the Benedictine Monastery.

The other books this week are thrillers, and none the worse for that, I will add defensively. The first is the new Agatha Christie, which should be recommendation enough in itself. THEY DO IT WITH MIRRORS (Collins. 10s. 6d.) is right up to her standard, and practised as I should be by now, I didn't guess either the solution of the mystery or the identity of the villain till I was told with Miss Christie's usual lucidity.

THE NEW SHOE (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) is another book of this kind and of this front-rank class. Mr. Arthur Upfield is an Australian writer who has created an utterly new character, a detective who is part-aborigine and all brains, and who is equally capable of deducing murder and motive from a whisper or a look, or of tracking a man through the bush. An author to remember and a story to enjoy.

PASSPORT TO PERIL (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) is, we are confidently and accurately informed, a novel of international intrigue, something in the style of the late Mr. Oppenheim. Mr. Robert Parker's own literary manner, however, is quite healthy on its own and his knowledge of Europe itself reinforced by his experiences as an American foreign correspondent.

This week's crime ration also includes a new Simenon, THE TRIAL OF BÉBÉ DONGE (Routledge and Kegan Paul. 9s. 6d.), in this superb writer's new, and quieter style. The impeccable translation is by Mr. Geoffrey Sainsbury.

THE QUEEN'S AWARDS—Fifth Series (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.), is a collection of thirteen more or less classic detective stories by such masters as Margery Allingham, John Dickson Carr and Q. Patrick, long a favourite of mine. It would be impossible for them to be uniformly excellent, but one or two are quite first-rate and the rest are very efficient tedium-beguilers.

When an author opens his story with words like these that follow, one can be fairly sure of the kind of book they introduce: "The effects of the explosion had been global, and as we flew south across the coast I saw another small sign . . ." Mr. Warwick Scott's novel, THE DOMESDAY STORY (Peter Davies. 12s. 6d.), is exciting and something more; it is in the fine old Jules Verne tradition, with modern flourishes. In fact, it will appeal to the boy in most of us and to the action lover even among the pacific.

THE LITERATURE OF CRIME (Cassell. 15s.) is a noteworthy omnibus, containing no fewer than twenty-six stories of mystery, crime and detection, each by a famous author. The great thing about the book, I found, was that their authors, although so distinguished, were not ones whose names are usually connected with detective action, but writers of the calibre of Somerset Maugham, James Thurber, John Steinbeck and Aldous Huxley.

Miss Joanna Cannan has a new detective story in BODY IN THE BECK (Gollancz. 9s. 6d.), which is agreeably written, logically constructed and only lacks a more intense element of mystery to make it first-rate.

Books about England, France, Chess and Art

2,000 YEARS OF ENGLAND (Cassell. 18s.), *by John Gl[illegible]g. is a survey in twenty-two chapters of the English tradition and [illegible]he growth of English ways of life. There are many illustrations rele[illegible]ng to the growth of towns, the development of the English ho[illegible]e, architecture, furniture and characteristic institutions.*

Two books dealing with French cities and the countryside [illegible]re GREATER PARIS *and the Ile-de-France* (Hodder and Stough[illegible]n. 20s.), *edited by Alan Houghton Brodrick, and* THE GALLIC LA[illegible]D, *Country Life in France* (Phœnix House. 15s.), *by Len Ortzen. [illegible]th books, the former being one of* The People's France Series, *edite[illegible]by Mr. Brodrick, are profusely illustrated. Another book to int[illegible]st many is Charles Duff's All Purposes* FRENCH FOR ADU[illegible]TS (English Universities Press. 15s.). *It is a comprehensive cours[illegible]on modern lines designed for beginners and others: for self-tuitio[illegible]or classes; and graduated progressively to university standard.*

Two books published by Hollis and Carter and both dealing [illegible]th chess are CHESS FOR FUN AND CHESS FOR BLOOD (1[illegible]), *by Edward Tasker, and* THE BRIGHT SIDE OF CHESS (10s. [illegible]), *by Irving Chernev. Both books are amply illustrated, the forme[illegible]by Maximilian Mopp and the latter by Harry Harrison.*

Three further additions to the Faber Gallery of Oriental Art (F[illegible]r. 12s. 6d.), *edited by Basil Gray, are* JAPANESE COLOUR PRI[illegible]S *from Harunobu to Utamaro, with an Introduction and Note[illegible]y Wilfred Blunt:* KANGRA PAINTING, *with an Introduction [illegible]nd Notes by W. G. Archer, and* PERSIAN PAINTING *of the Fourte[illegible]th Century, with an Introduction and Notes by Douglas Barrett. [illegible]ach edition contains several colour plates.*

Finally there is another Standard Edition of the Works of Andre Gide, Nobel Prize winner, 1947. It is ET NUNC MANET IN TE *and* INTIMATE JOURNAL (Secker and Warburg. 10s. 6d.), *introduced and translated from the French by Justin O'Brien.*

Memories of a Gay Savoyard

Martyn Green's Volume of Reminiscences

The continuing fame of the Savoy operas has rested in modern days on the interpretative genius of a few artistes, and foremost among them is the name of Martyn Green who, after nearly thirty years with D'Oyly Carte, playing Ko-Ko, Sir Joseph Porter, Point, the Lord Chancellor, Robin Oakapple, and other roles during tour after tour in Britain and the United States, has now taken up other work. What Martyn Green did to impart his own brand of vitality and enchantment to the operas will never be forgotten, not least his performance at the start of the Festival of Britain series in 1951, when he toyed by inflection on Gilbert's lines in acknowledging the presence of Winston Churchill in a box at the Savoy. Martyn Green now treats us to his memories of three decades in light opera in his volume HERE'S A HOW-DE-DO (Max Reinhardt. 21s.), and what a feast of fun it is. This great Savoyard was the son of the distinguished tenor William Green, and, somehow or other, deflected from the path of dentistry and the retail haberdashery trade, he entered the theatre business by way of the British Army, which he joined below the proper age in the hope of doing his bit in the First World War. How Martyn Green came to understudy in the chief Gilbert and Sullivan parts for Sir Henry Lytton and then gradually assumed those roles is told in some detail, and with a wealth of anecdote to leaven the text. Martyn Green's stories of the D'Oyly Carte tours in the United States are at once lively and revealing, for, reading between the lines, it is plain enough that the management was inclined at times to be stiff-necked and did not always make the most of publicity opportunities. Mr. Green, however, does not choose to emphasize any differences he may have had with Rupert D'Oyly Carte, and in fact he is generous in his praise of all with whom he worked, as he is modest in the relation of his own successes

Antoine Lavoisier (1743-94), who as a young man won a prize for submitting the best method of lighting Paris, was condemned to the guillotine in 1794, the tribunal answering the plea for his life by declaring "We need no more scientists in France." It was soon found that the tribunal erred on the side of exaggeration, and to-day the world honours this Frenchman who laid the very foundations of modern chemistry. Douglas McKie, Reader in the History of Science in the University of London, now presents a full-length biography under the title, ANTOINE LAVOISIER: SCIENTIST, ECONOMIST, SOCIAL REFORMER (Constable. 30s.). It is a first-class biographical achievement, written by a man of science about one of the greatest men of his profession and in a style that will readily appeal.

Baldwin Hamey was a Flemish physician who settled in London in Elizabethan days, having fled from persecution in his homeland first to Leiden and then to Russia as Court doctor to the Czar Fedor. In London Hamey was for a while forbidden to practise, but later he established himself, and his voluminous letters to his son now provide his biographer, John J. Keevil, with a valuable source of information regarding Hamey and his contemporaries in the medical world, who lived at a time when their profession was in process of transition from the classical to the modern. Mr. Keevil calls his book, HAMEY THE STRANGER (Geoffrey Bles. 21s.), and he is to follow it next spring with *The Stranger's Son*, the story of the younger Hamey, who was a celebrated figure in seventeenth-century London.

In THE CROWN AND THE PEOPLE (Secker and Warburg. 25s.), Allan A. Michie sets out to explain the modern British concept of monarchy, an institution which he shows is unique in man's political history. Mr. Michie does not delve more deeply than he can help into constitutional history, preferring to show the Royal Family in their day-to-day activities

Lieut.-Colonel Alfred H. Burne follows up his book, *The Battlefields of England*, with its logical sequel, MORE BATTLEFIELDS OF ENGLAND (Methuen. 21s.). Once again he ranges far and wide, from Otterburn, on the Scottish border, to Lewes, on the Sussex Downs, from the scene of Caradoc's last fight on the marches of Wales to Assingdon, on the Essex coast, that battle fought on St. Luke's Day, 1016, which enabled a Danish dynasty to rule over this land for a generation. Here is first-class material for the student of history, and there seems no reason to suppose that there will not be yet more sequels to this work which commends itself also to the tourist and the general reader.

In REMEMBER TO REMEMBER (Grey Walls Press. 21s.), Henry Miller has written a series of stories and essays in the form of an examination of the modern American scene. One thing emerges clearly enough from this engaging book; that for Mr. Miller America's greatest virtue lies in those rich and rare personalities who have gone against the grain and chosen to express themselves as personalities and individuals. Babbits and Dodsworths just don't appeal to Henry Miller.

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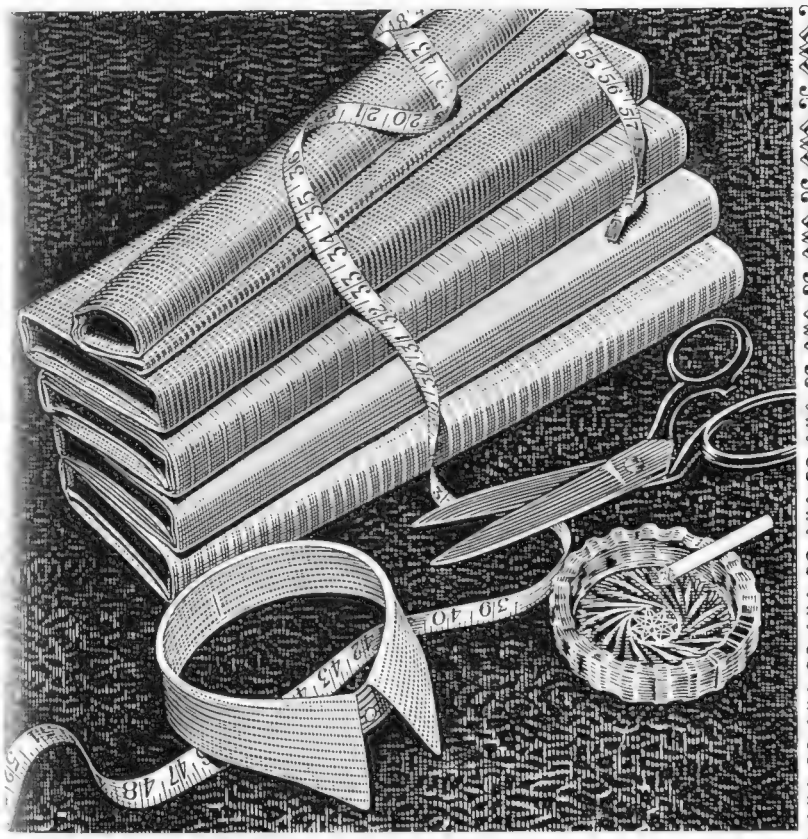

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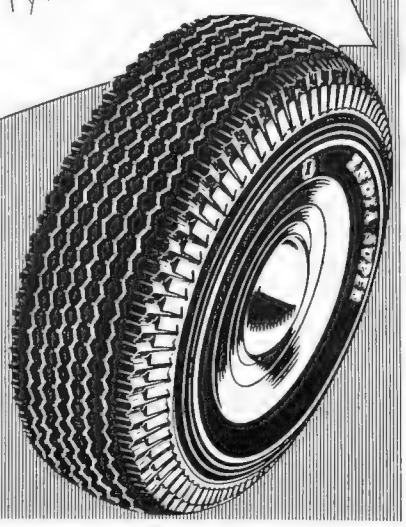

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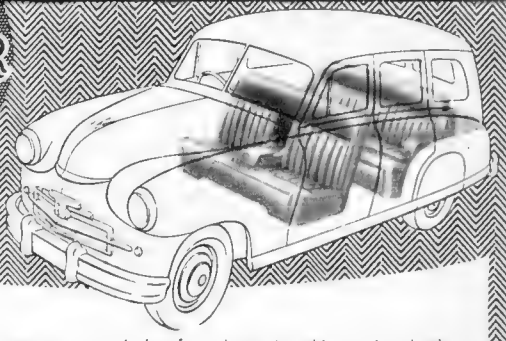

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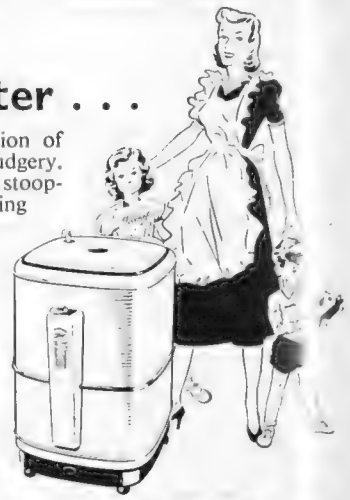

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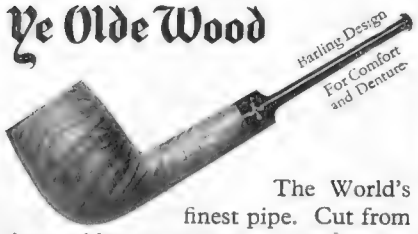

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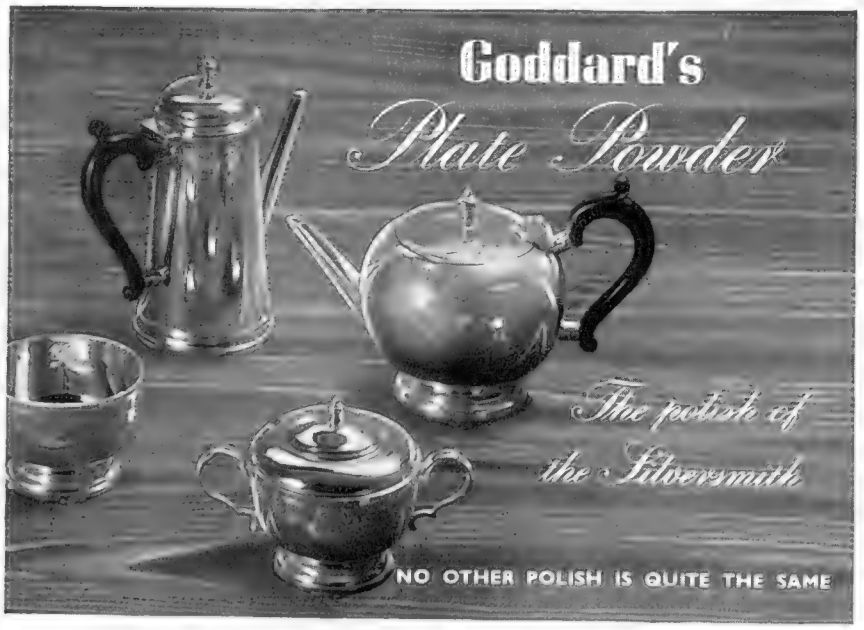
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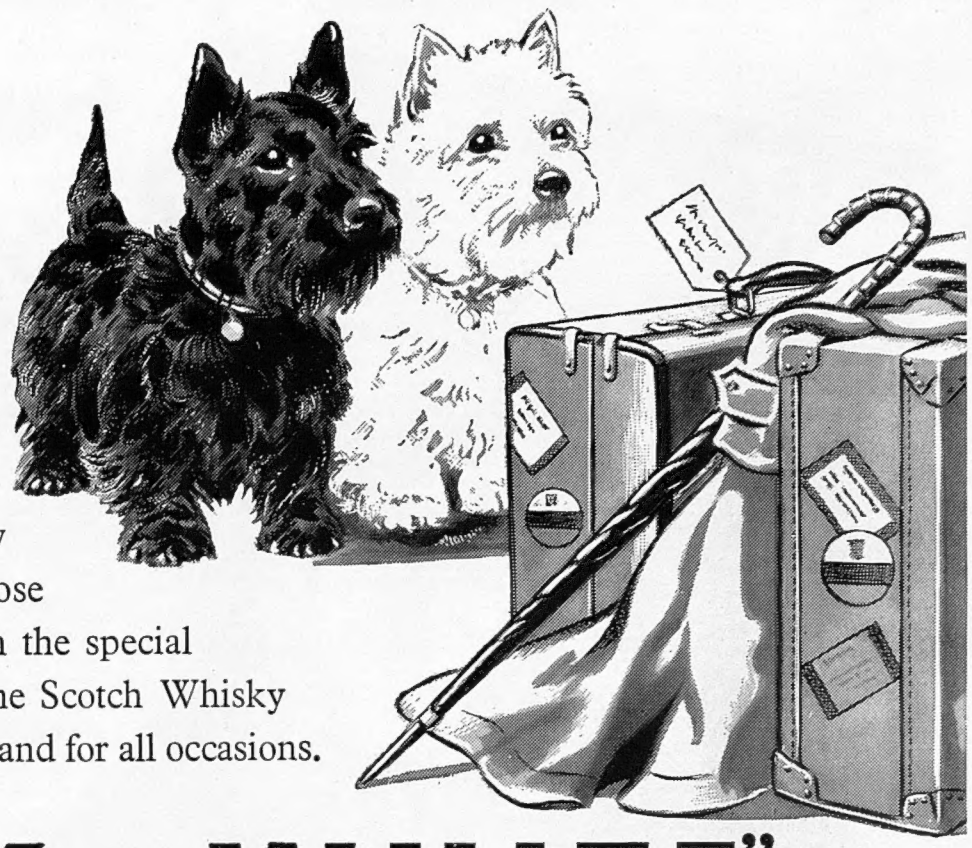

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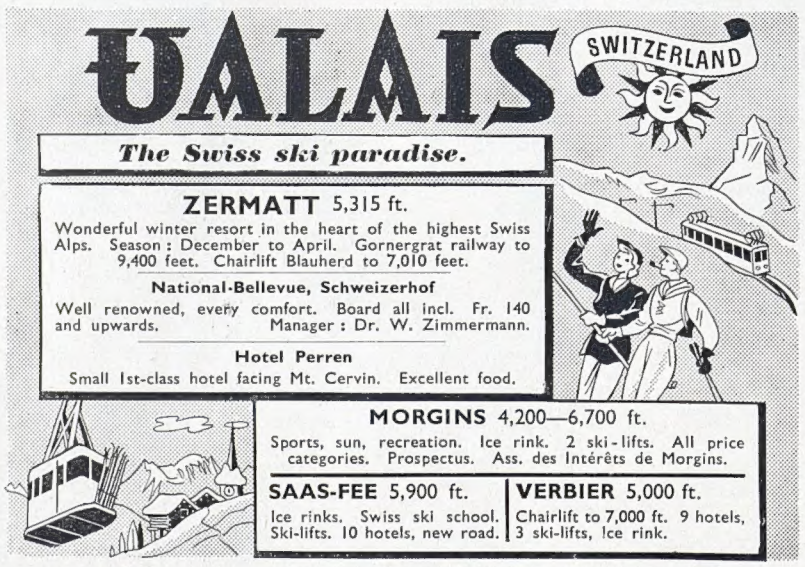

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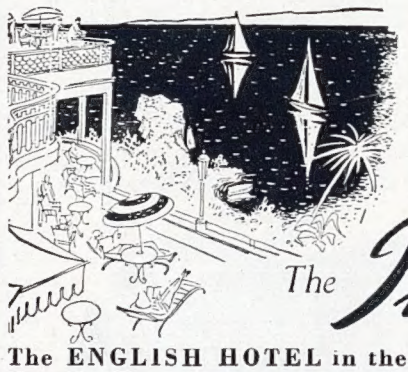

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MAY WE PRESENT

BOTTLES ARE ENVOYS: they carry credentials. Many of them have foreign addresses, and seem always to wear decorations; stars, medallions, ribbons, seals. They are dressed for the ball, the reception, the banquet. They are specious and polished, jewelled with foils.

But in any important assembly of bottles there will be one which achieves distinction by quite other means. Quietly, reservedly dressed in a label which may not captivate, but which at once commands respect. This is some dignitary, clearly. A grave and noble diplomat would have this manner.

It is a presence internationally known and honoured. This is White Horse, a nobleman among whiskies, mellow with years and tradition, with a heart that is generous and warm. Were a delegate chosen to represent the proud, kindly spirit of Scotland, there could be no appointment more welcome than White Horse.

WHITE HORSE

Scotch Whisky

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